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[Broc]

L. eleg. g. 61^m

Au Roi

Hommage du plus profond
respect de l'auteur

La très humble et très
obéissante Servante

Com^{te} de Broc

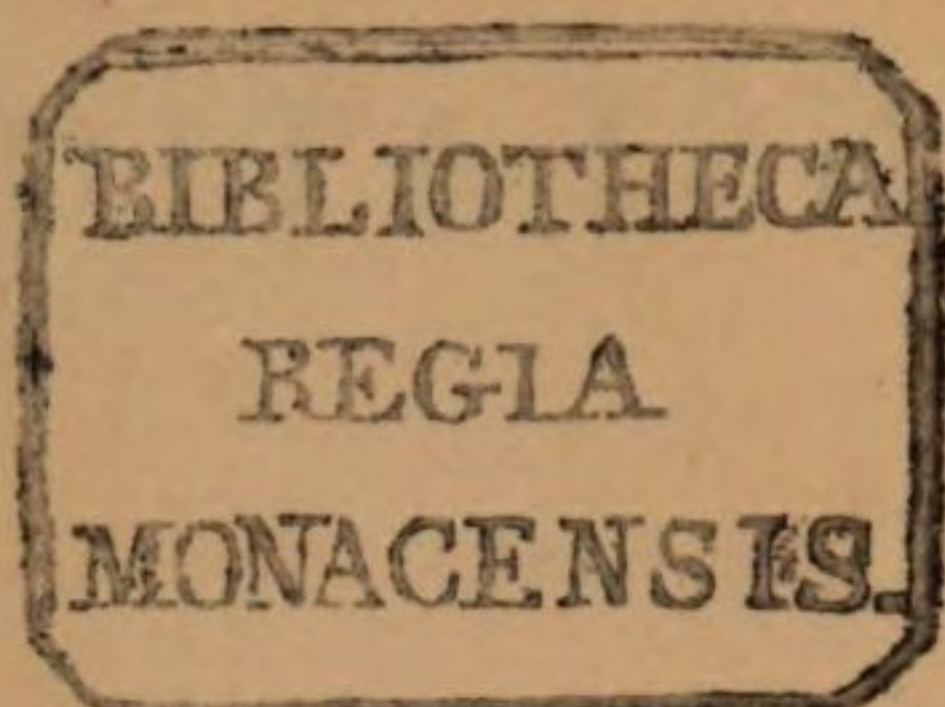
TRANSLATIONS
AND
SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY,

FROM THE
GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, PORTUGUESE,
AND FRENCH LANGUAGES.

BY A LADY.

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PREFACE.

THESE few Translations were written as the leisure amusements of a Lady, whose attention has been much devoted to the attainment of modern languages, and whose chief object in that pursuit was, the perusal of the Poets.

She is fully conscious how far her translations fall short of the beauties of the original authors; those beauties were, nevertheless, deeply felt by her, and have been the source of genuine pleasure.

She has every feeling of diffidence in regard to her performances; but hopes the moral sentiments they contain, will compensate for any other deficiencies.

The pieces of Poetry are from the German, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages, which the translator has acquired from

foreign ladies, natives of the different countries, in whose society and instruction she has spent much of her time, and many of the happiest hours of her life, from her earliest years.

The Lives were all of them taken from foreign authors, as she was very scrupulous never to have recourse to any English book whatever; and she begs to assure those who may do her the favour to read her attempts, that she never saw any previous translation either in verse or prose—even the passages occasionally quoted from foreign writers, she has made a point of translating herself, in order to owe nothing to the assistance of others, however superior.

There is one reflection which has caused her so much satisfaction, that she ventures to insert it. Every one of the writers, of whose lives she has endeavoured to give some idea, appear to have been as highly distinguished, by the excellent qualities of the heart and disposition, by their private virtues, their modesty, and above all, their piety, as by the splendid gifts of genius. These virtues, im-

perfectly as they are here delineated, will, it is hoped, give some charm to this humble performance, and also claim indulgence for its errors.

The Biography consists merely of sketches of the lives of the different authors. So far from presuming to give a full account of them, she does not even pretend to be acquainted with all their works, a few extracts of which only she has translated.

They were attempted merely for her own amusement, and without the smallest idea of making them public, which she is now induced to do at the wish of her friends, and which she hopes may be her excuse for venturing to bring them before the Public.

6, BENTINCK STREET,

May 16, 1839.

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TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

ON TRANSLATIONS.

No greater service can be rendered to literature than that of transfusing the masterpieces of the human mind from one language into another. There are so few literary productions of the first order; genius of any kind is so rare a phenomenon, that if every modern nation were reduced to its own resources, it would be always poor. Besides, the interchange of ideas is, of all sorts of commerce, the one of which the advantages are the most certain.

To translate a poet, is not to copy the dimensions of an edifice with a compass: it is to animate a different instrument with the same breath of life. We look rather for the same kind of pleasure, than for exact resemblance in the features.

The best way, I admit, to render translations unnecessary, would be to learn all the languages in which the works of the great poets have been composed—Greek, Latin, Italian, French, English, Spanish, Portuguese, German.

But such an undertaking requires much time, much assistance, and we cannot flatter ourselves that knowledge so difficult to be acquired can ever become general.—*Translated from Madame de Staël de l'Esprit des Traductions.*

ON THE LITERATURE OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH OF EUROPE.

It seems to me that there are two distinct kinds of literature; the one springing from the north, the other from the south. Homer is the grand source of the one; Ossian of the other. The Greeks, the Romans, the Italians, the Spaniards, and the French of the age of Louis XIV., belong to the class of literature which I shall call the Literature of the South. The English, the German, and some Danish and Swedish writers, must be reckoned in the Literature of the North.

The poets of the South continually blend the images of cooling shades, of umbrageous woods, and limpid streams, with all the feelings of life.

The imagination of the North delights to dwell on the sea-beat shore, to describe the whistling of the wind, the wild solitary heath; and, lastly, it inclines the weary mind to look to the future, to another world.—*Madame de Staël de la Littérature, chapitre 11.*

THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.

GERMAN is a primitive language, and its construction is almost as difficult as that of Greek. German is more philosophic than Italian, more bold and poetic than French, more abundant and rich in rhymes than English; yet it still retains a sort of stiffness, which, perhaps, arises from its not having been much used in society or in public affairs.

The greatest advantage of the Germanic dialect is the variety and beauty of its epithets. In this respect also it may be compared to the Greek. A single word brings several ideas to the mind, as in

a fundamental note in a chord of music, you hear all the others; or as a primitive colour in painting brings many others to the mind.—*Madame de Staël, Allemagne, chap. 9.*

SAXONY.

It may be fearlessly asserted, that in no country is there so much learning and information as in Saxony and the north of Germany. It was there that Protestantism took its rise; and the spirit of inquiry has been kept up with much vigour ever since.

The quantity of books sold at Leipsic proves the number of readers. Workmen of all kinds, even stone breakers, rest from their labours with a book in their hand. I have met with innkeepers and porters perfectly well acquainted with French literature. Even in villages you find professors of Greek and Latin. There is scarcely any little country town that does not contain a good library, and in which you may not find men of considerable learning and information.—*Madame de Staël, Allemagne, chap. 14.*

DESCRIPTION OF SAXE WEIMAR.

WEIMAR has been called the Athens of Germany; and it was, indeed, the only place in which interest in the fine arts might be called national, and in which it formed a bond of fraternal union between different ranks. A generous court constantly sought out the society of men of letters, and literature gained much by the influence of the good taste which prevailed there.

They drew the universe to them by reading and study, and by the expansion of thought escaped the narrow limits of circumstances: by reflecting frequently together on the grand questions which concern the common fate of all, the private anecdotes of each individual were forgotten.—*Madame de Staël, Allemagne Weimar, chapitre 15.*

AMELIA, DUCHESS DOWAGER OF SAXE
WEIMAR.

BORN IN 1751.

“ What is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful mem’ry of the good *.”

GRAY.

IN attempting to give a sketch of the most distinguished writers of Germany, the translator has ventured to add that of a princess, equally eminent for her exalted virtues, her admirable government, and her patronage of the first authors of her age and country. Her name must be ever united with the genius and literature of Germany.

She was distinguished by her virtues and by her love of letters, and well deserves a place in history, as having been, during the last half century, the moving spring and soul of a court, which might be well compared to that of the Duke of Ferrara, the protector

* Gray’s Ode on the Installation of the Duke of Grafton as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

of Tasso and Ariosto. Yet it is not merely as the generous protectress of men of genius, nor as the enlightened judge of their productions, that the Princess Amelia has claims to the public gratitude: it is also as a wise and excellent Sovereign, that her memory deserves the homage of an attached people.

Left a widow at the age of nineteen, after having been two years married to the Duke Ernest Augustus Constantine, who died the 28th of May, 1758, she repaired, by her excellent administration, the loss which the duchy of Saxe Weimar had sustained during the seven years' war. She managed her finances so frugally, that without oppressing her people, she was enabled to mitigate, from her own resources, the effects of the famine, which, in 1772, desolated the rest of Saxony. She founded and perfected many establishments, favourable both to learning and humanity; appointed Wieland preceptor to her son Charles Augustus, afterwards reigning duke; and drew to Saxe Weimar the most distinguished characters of her day. Her daily society was composed of the first authors of Germany. Herder, Goethe, and Wieland, were the principal ornaments of it; but in the second rank there were also many, who in any other circle would have been

reckoned amongst the first; Seckendorf and Knebel as poets, the antiquary Boettiger, and lastly, Bode and Musæus, both original and powerful prose writers, deserve to be especially mentioned.

Towards the latter end of her reign, the great Schiller also appeared at her court. It was by her distinguished merit, as well as by the great qualities of her heart and mind, that the Sovereign of Saxe Weimar succeeded in assembling around her more men of distinguished genius and high talent, than any other contemporary court could boast of; and what proves that this happy ascendancy was owing still more to her personal character, than to her rank and power, is, that she preserved it entire till her death. Even after the year 1775, when she resigned her authority into the hands of her eldest son, her house at Weimar, as well as the rural retreats of Tieffurt and Ettersburg, continued to be the rendezvous of the greatest writers and most distinguished travellers. The celebrated Mounier was for many years director of a school founded by her at the castle of Belvidere, near Weimar. In the year 1788, she took a journey into Italy, accompanied by Goethe, which even increased her taste for the fine arts; and her court became more than

ever the resort of superior genius, the ready asylum of real merit. Inheriting the great qualities of the illustrious house of Guelph, and their love for the sciences, she had the glory of having honoured and encouraged the first writers of Germany.

This admirable princess, deeply affected by the fatal day of the 14th of October, 1808, (the battle of Jena), died a few months after that catastrophe, sincerely and universally regretted.—*Biographie Etrangère.*

SCHILLER.

BORN NOVEMBER 10, 1759.

“ Schiller was a man of the most splendid genius, and the most perfect integrity. Schiller was the best of friends, the best of fathers, the best of husbands. No one good quality was wanting to his mild and peaceable disposition, animated solely by the fire of genius.”—*Madame de Staël, Allemagne, chap. 8.*

JOHN CHRISTOPHER FREDERICK SCHILLER was born at Marbach, a small town in the Duchy of Wurtemberg, November 10th, 1759.

Schiller's father, John Caspar Schiller, was a surgeon in the army. Having distinguished himself, by his science and steadiness of conduct, he obtained the notice and approbation of the Duke of Wurtemberg, who appointed him superintendent of the botanical gardens, then newly formed at a palace of the Duke's, called the Solitude. His love for agricultural pursuits particularly fitted him for this task; which he discharged with zeal and at-

tention, retaining the favour and regard of his patron to the end of his days. He also lived long enough to witness the fame of his son; and there is a manuscript still extant in which he expresses himself on the subject in an affecting and pious manner:—

“Oh, thou Being of Beings! I implored thee, after the birth of my only son, that thou wouldest bestow on him such powers of mind as might supply any deficiencies in the education I could give him: and thou hast heard me. Thanks be to thee, Almighty! who deignest to hear the prayers of mortals.”

Schiller's mother, the daughter of a baker at Kodweis, is represented by all who knew her as a sensible and excellent woman, deeply attached to her husband and children: her tenderness and affection endeared her much to her son. She had a natural love of poetry; and was particularly fond of Gelert's writings.

Schiller received his earliest instruction from a clergyman of the name of Moser, at a village called Lorch, on the borders of the duchy of Wurtemberg, where his parents resided for three years.

In 1768 they removed to Ludwigsburg, when Schiller was nine years old. He here witnessed a

play for the first time. The impression it made on him, even at this early age, was such, that it seemed as if a new world was suddenly opened to him. He attended a large public school at Ludwigsburg till the year 1773, where he was principally instructed in the Latin language. His progress was satisfactory, but not extraordinary; nor did his instructors then perceive the mighty genius which afterwards displayed itself in him.

His first poem was written in the year 1772, on the day of his confirmation; an event which made a deep impression on his religious mind.

It was by the desire of the Duke of Wurtemberg that Schiller was placed, in the year 1773, at the Institution for Education, then newly established at the Solitude, called Carleschûle, (which was soon afterwards removed to Stuttgart). This distinction was the more flattering, as the institution was designed only for the sons of officers in the army. He here followed the study of the law, in compliance with his father's wishes, though his inclinations would have led him to the church; and in his own words, "he should have esteemed himself far happier, could he have served his country as a minister of the gospel."

The time Schiller spent at Carleschûle does not appear to have been passed in a manner suited to his genius. The strictness of discipline at that time adopted, and the want of liberty to cultivate any talent not included in their fixed plan of education, could not but be displeasing to so poetic a mind. In the year 1775 he abandoned the study of the law, and for some time followed that of medicine.

About half a year after he had been received in the new establishment of Carleschûle, Schiller thus writes to one of his early friends:—

“I have not kept my word: I should not have let six months pass without writing. Do not be angry: I am not to blame for this delay. I do not like to use many words; come yourself: see, examine, and judge. Your friend is never left to himself; he must listen to, examine, and repeat a settled course of study; and writing to friends is not in our school regulations,” &c. &c.

In 1776, he writes to another friend, who had left Carleschûle the preceding Easter:—“You are now on the stage of the real world, and will, I feel assured, find on this stage very different scenes, prompters, and actors, from what we imagined in our ideal world. Continue to shew me your usual kindness,

and impart to me your view of real life. I am interested in every thing I hear from free and independent men, respecting a career which I must myself soon commence. I did not wish to have entered into life so destitute of experience; for, all that I as yet know of it, of its ways and doings, I have learned rather from that faithful guide and director, History, than from all the unsentimental discourses on life and experience given by many of our instructors."

Several of Schiller's first poems were composed at Carleschûle. Under many disadvantages, he had made himself well acquainted with the works of Klopstock; and, doubtless, much of the grandeur and sublimity, much of the feeling and delicacy of his future writings, was imbibed, or at least fostered, by his study of that great author.

"There was at that period (says a writer of talent) a new life springing up in German poetry. The chief writers of the time set themselves against the tyranny of fashion, against all endeavours after formal elegance. Powerful representations of character and passion, glances which penetrate into the inmost soul, richness of imagination and expression: these, and these alone, constituted the value of a poet

in their eyes. He was to appear as a being from another world, independent of all outward circumstances; unconcerned whether his contemporaries appreciated his merit sooner or later. It was through itself alone, not through the influence of patronage, that the German genius was destined to be developed."

Works of this genuine stamp could not but make a deep and lasting impression on Schiller. Gerstenberg's *Ugolino*, and Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*, first turned his mind towards dramatic compositions. It was about the same time that he began to read Shakspeare, though he does not appear to have had at first the enthusiasm for that master genius which he so deeply felt in after life. "I first became acquainted with this poet (says Schiller), at a very early age. He was for many years my study, and possessed my veneration before I arrived at giving him my affection. I was not then capable of understanding nature as she really is."

Schiller's first lyric productions were written at this period. They displayed, however, only faint sparks of that fire which animates his later compositions. Poetry was not the only study which he followed from choice. Plutarch's *Lives*, Herder's writ-

ings, and those of Garve, were amongst the books which afforded him the most pleasure. Above all, he felt the greatest delight in the frequent perusal of the Scriptures. He was at this time resolved to follow the study of medicine as a profession. He thus expresses himself on this subject:—"I have long feared, not without reason, that, sooner or later, my poetic fire would be extinguished, if it were to become the means of my livelihood; but I think it would, on the contrary, have new charms for me, if I used it merely as a recreation, and devoted only my most inspired moments to it. Thus only can I be a poet with all my powers, and with ever increasing enthusiasm. Thus only can I hope that my ability and passion for the art will last through my whole life."

And again, he says, in another place:—"I find myself obliged to take a most unwilling leap from the mild climate of Pindus to the chilling region of a dry art; but in that which *must be*, we cannot consult humour or inclination. Perhaps I may return to my muse with still greater ardour, the longer I have been separated from her; perhaps I may find in the delightful cultivation of the fine arts some indemnity for the labours of a profession."

After having studied physic for two years, Schiller received the appointment of surgeon in the regiment called Augé. He is said to have shewn skill and zeal in this employment: in which, however, neither his genius nor his destiny would suffer him to remain.

FROM 1781 TO 1785.

The publication of the tragedy of *The Robbers* formed a new epoch in Schiller's life. It laid the foundation of his fame as an author—a fame which time has since confirmed and increased.

This celebrated drama was begun at Carleshûle. "A singular mistake of Nature (says he) caused me to be born a poet. A turn for poetry was an offence against the laws of the institution in which I was brought up, and was in opposition to the plan of its founder. For eight years my enthusiasm had to combat the rules of military discipline; but the passion for poetry is powerful and fiery as a first love. What was designed to extinguish the flame only increased it."

It is a singular fact, that Schiller could find no publisher for *The Robbers*, which he was obliged to print at his own expense; but his friend Schawn,

a professor and bookseller at Manheim, no sooner read it, than, filled with generous admiration for the talents of the young author, he not only recommended his drama to the stage at Manheim, but introduced him to the notice and friendship of Baron Dalberg, who proved the most zealous patron of his rising genius, and to whose kindness he always took a grateful pleasure in attributing much of his future success in life.

The stage of Manheim was at that time the principal one in Germany. The skilful acting of a Beil, and of an Iffland, had so powerful an effect on Schiller, that he expressed a wish to become one of their company. Beil frankly opposed this wish, and expressed himself in the following words, which proved indeed prophetic of Schiller's future fame:—"It is not as an actor, but as a writer, that you will become the pride of the German stage."

The success of *The Robbers* was greater, both on and off the stage, than Schiller could possibly have anticipated; but the disapprobation which it excited in certain high quarters, the restraints attempted to be imposed on the native boldness of his talent, and an irresistible propensity to devote himself wholly to literature, determined him to leave

his country. "*The Robbers*," says he, "cost me my family and my native land."

Schiller passed nearly a year at Bauerbach, the seat of the widow of the privy councillor Wollzogen. He was indebted for the kind reception he met with from her to the friendship he had formed with her sons, who had pursued their studies with him at Stuttgart. He here devoted himself, free from care and disturbance, to the cultivation of his poetical genius.

It was at this period that he composed the *Conspiracy of Fiesko* (the scene of which is laid at Venice), *Cabal and Love*, and the first sketch of *Don Carlos*.

In September, 1783, he removed to Mannheim, where, through the interest of the Baron Dalberg, he was appointed theatrical poet of their stage, and was soon afterwards elected a member of the German Society at Churpfalz. This was highly gratifying to him. "Churpfalz (says he, in a letter addressed to his friend Zumstiegl), is become my country; for through my reception into the learned society (of which the Prince Elector is patron), I am naturalised, and one of the elector's subjects. My climate is the theatre, in which I live and move, and

fortunately that which is my employment is also my delight."

Schiller regarded the theatre as a means of moral improvement, in his own words, "as a school of practical wisdom, as an unerring key to the most secret motions of the human soul. Here only the great of the earth hear, what they seldom or never hear—truth. Here only they see, what they seldom or never see—human nature."

It was at this time, that he published a periodical, under the title of the *German Thalia*. Foreign literature, particularly English and French, engaged much of his attention; but the completion of his tragedy of *Don Carlos* was now his chief employment. He allowed some scenes of it to be printed in the first number of his *Thalia*; which being read at the court of the Landgraf of Hesse Darmstadt, in the presence of the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, first introduced Schiller to the notice of that magnanimous prince, so distinguished for his love of the Muses, for his noble patronage of men of genius.

FROM 1785 TO 1789.

This period of Schiller's life, which he spent partly in Leipsic and Dresden, and partly in Wei-

mar, was chiefly devoted to the tragedy of *Don Carlos*, a composition which unites the fire of early genius with the experience and knowledge of maturer years.

Though much respected at Mannheim, yet Schiller wished for a more extended field of action and improvement; and in March, 1785, he went to Leipsic, from whence, at the end of the summer of the same year, he removed to Dresden. It was still his wish to devote himself to some other employment besides that of poetry, by which he might gain an independence. He appears to have hesitated some time between the study of medicine and that of history, but decided in favour of the latter.

Schiller was deeply sensible of the enjoyment to be derived from the beauties of nature, and often spent many hours in a gondola, which conducted him through the lovely scenes on the banks of the Elbe. The remainder of the day he gave to society, and began to write only late in the evening. The want of sleep and sufficient rest laid the foundation of his subsequent ill health.

In the year 1787, Schiller went to Weimar, from whence he writes to one of his early friends:—"I

am now where I have so often earnestly wished to be, in Weimar; and I can imagine myself wandering on the plains of Greece. The duke is an excellent prince, a true father to arts and learning. You know the men of whom Germany may indeed be proud,—a Herder, a Wieland, and others; I now dwell in the same city with them. What perfections do we not find in Weimar? I hope to end my life here, and to find in it at last a second country.”

Goethe was at this time in Italy, but Schiller experienced the most cordial reception from both Wieland and Herder.

During this year (1787), he again received an invitation from Madame Wollzogen at Bauerbach, the same lady who had so kindly received him when he left Stuttgart. In his way, he stopped sometime at Rudolstadt; where he first saw Mademoiselle Lengefeld, who afterwards became his wife. There, also, a short time after, Schiller became acquainted with Goethe, who presented him to the Duchess Amelia of Saxe Weimar. He was charmed with the gracious reception he met with from this illustrious princess. “I have been inexpressibly happy (he thus writes to a friend), if indeed the friendship of the great of the earth is to be called

a happiness; but it is not only great, it is wise and good people, whom I have seen; I have found that arts and learning, wisdom and virtue, are honoured and admired even by those who occupy a throne. The Duchess Amelia, you doubtless know her: that distinguished and accomplished lady, that much honoured princess; I have seen her, have had the honour of conversing with her: and can you guess who procured me an audience with her? It was Goethe. Goethe is indeed an excellent man."

Schiller was not mistaken in the good opinion he formed of Goethe's friendship, which was still further proved by his shortly afterwards procuring for him the appointment of Professor of History at Jena, which event formed a new epoch in Schiller's life and writings.

FROM 1789 TO 1799.

"The range of History (says Schiller, in his discourse on first entering the academy at Jena, which he delivered before a numerous assembly,) is fertile and widely extended; the whole moral world lies within its compass. It accompanies mankind through all circumstances, through all the changing forms of opinion, through their wisdom and

their folly, their improvement and their corruption. History keeps an account of all that they have given, or taken away, from themselves. There is not one amongst you, to whom History has not something of importance to say; however different the paths of your future destiny, they are all, in some way or other, connected with it; and one destiny, at least, you must each of you alike partake,—the one you brought with you into the world,—that of educating yourselves as men; and it is to men that History speaks.”

Schiller devoted himself to this study with the greatest zeal. “You can hardly imagine (he writes to a friend) how pleased I am with my new employment. The prospect of wide, untrodden fields of knowledge, has so many attractions for me. At every step I gain ideas, and my mind seems to enter a more extended world.

Some time after, speaking of an historical style, he says:—“We have in these modern times a power of interesting which was unknown to either the Greeks or Romans, an interest which far surpasses any belonging only to our own country. This last is of sole importance only to uncivilised nations, and during the youth of the world. It is quite

another thing to present to mankind every remarkable event which has happened to the human race. It is a poor and confined idea to write merely for one nation; this boundary is altogether unworthy of a philosophical mind, which should not rest contented with so changeable, so uncertain a model of mankind, as a mere fragment of the human race: and what is the greatest nation more than this? An historian should care for one particular nation so far only as the events belonging to it may serve as a means of improvement to the whole species."

Schiller's great historical work, the History of the Thirty Years' War, was written in 1791. "It has had," says Wieland, "as many readers as there are persons in the whole compass of our language who can make any pretensions to the cultivation of literature."

Schiller spent his time very happily in Jena, in the society of several intimate friends, amongst whom were Schutz, Hufland, and Reinhold. In summer, he passed many hours every day in a garden at a short distance from the town, in which he erected a cottage, with one room, commanding a fine prospect of the surrounding mountain and forest;

and in this agreeable retreat many of his poetical works were composed.

In February, 1790, he married Mademoiselle Von Lengefelt, an amiable woman, who proved worthy of his highest esteem and affection.

A few months afterwards he thus writes to a friend: "What a delightful life I now lead. I look round me with a cheerful spirit. My heart experiences a lasting satisfaction, my mind a pleasing support and encouragement. I view my fate with cheerful resolution. I hope every thing from the future. In a few years more I trust I shall enjoy the full expansion of the powers of my mind, and even return again to the days of my youth; a poetical feeling restores them to me."

But, alas! this happiness was soon embittered by a severe blow. In the beginning of the year 1791, he was attacked by a pulmonary complaint which destroyed his health for the remainder of his days. The source of this evil was, doubtless, his too great application to literary pursuits; the hours which he devoted to it being principally those of the night. During which time, his neighbours often listened to him with reverence, and heard him declaiming and repeating aloud. He would

frequently remain at his desk till three or four in the morning; he then went to bed, and rose again about nine or ten o'clock.

Nature gave way under such exertion. It was at this time that the crown prince of Denmark bestowed on him a pension of a thousand dollars a-year, for three years, without annexing any condition, but in the hope that rest from constant exertion might enable him to recover his health. The gracious and feeling manner in which this benefit was bestowed, afforded him even more gratification than the kindness itself.

To abstain from intellectual labours, was to Schiller impossible. And though the powers of his mind overcame the weakness of his frame, his health was never perfectly restored. His *Wallenstein*, a drama which unites all the charm of poetry to the deepest philosophical reflections, was commenced about this time, and occupied seven years of his life.

In the year 1793, he visited his native country, and remained with his parents and early connexions, till August, 1794.

Amongst the many friends with whom he corresponded, one of the principal was Baron Dalberg, who had been the patron of his youth. "If ever,

(says he, in one of his letters), if ever I can arrive at being of any importance in the world, I at least feel sure that I shall never forget him, to whom I owe every thing." And he faithfully kept his word. He dedicated to Baron Dalberg his beautiful tragedy of William Tell.

The friendship and intimacy which subsisted between Schiller and Goethe, gave the greatest charm to the life of both. A few fragments from their letters will, perhaps, give some idea of this perfect friendship:—

SCHILLER TO GOETHE.

" Jena, January 2nd, 1795.

" My best wishes for the new year, and also heartfelt thanks for the one just past, which your friendship has endeared and distinguished to me, above all others.

" I have been applying myself with great industry, and in these last few days have endeavoured to complete something by the time you come. I have now done with this work, and it can be laid before you on your arrival.

" I have never read Klopstock's Ode, of which you

“ speak ; if you still have it, pray bring it with you. From the title, one well knows what to expect.

“ Let us hear some scenes from Faustus. Madame Kalb, who has heard something of it, has lately made me most anxious for it ; and I know of nothing in the whole world of poetry that could now give me more pleasure. I hope, in a few days, either to see you, or to hear exactly when you are coming.

“ All here beg their affectionate regards.

“ SCHILLER.”

GOETHE TO SCHILLER.

“ Every happiness attend this new year ! Let us spend it as we have ended the last, in the mutual participation of all our occupations and amusements. What is society or conversation, but between those of congenial minds ? I rejoice in the hope that mutual interest and confidence will ever increase between us. I send you the first volume of the novel. The other copy is for Humboldt. May the second book give you as much pleasure as the first. I will bring the third part with me in manuscript.

“ I long to see your work. Meyer begs to be re-

membered. We shall probably come on the 11th. In the mean time you shall hear again from me. Adieu—Farewell.

“ Weimar, Jan. 3rd, 1795.”

In a letter written in answer to this last, Schiller thus expresses himself to Goethe:—

“ Your presence will be a source of cheering comfort to my heart and mind. Above all, I wish to enjoy certain poetical works in your company.”

About this period he began to compose his ballads, which alone, from their great popularity, would have sufficed to render his name celebrated. He first undertook them in conjunction with Goethe. The Knight of Toggenburg is, perhaps, the most perfect composition of the kind in any language.

FROM 1799 TO 1805.

In the year 1799, Schiller quitted Jena and returned to Weimar, which he ever after made his home. He finished the tragedy of Wallenstein in this year.

The park at Weimar was his favourite resort. There he was often seen alone, walking or standing

with his tablets in his hand ; but if he found himself observed, he passed on. A shady walk amongst the rocks, overhung with cypress and beech trees, near a favourite summer-house, and not far from a soft murmuring stream, was his chosen place of meditation.

His next theatrical piece was *Mary Stuart*, which was finished in 1800, and, in the following year, the *Maid of Orleans*. On the first performance of the *Maid of Orleans*, at Leipsic, an affecting homage was paid him. At the end of the first act, as the curtain fell, the theatre resounded with acclamations of "Long live Frederick Schiller!" accompanied by a flourish of drums and trumpets ; and, at the close of the piece, the audience rushed out to greet the poet as he left the theatre. When he appeared, the assembled multitude made a line for him to pass through, standing with uncovered heads ; and many of the spectators held up their children as he passed, exclaiming, "There he is !"

His *Bride of Messina* appeared in 1803. His *William Tell*, in 1804.

"In this piece," says Schlegel, "Schiller is entirely reclaimed to poetry, from history. The way in which

he has treated it, is faithful; it comes warm from the heart. The local truth and exactness which he has observed is most wonderful—unacquainted as he was with the scenery and country customs of Switzerland. This piece, breathing the very soul of devoted patriotism, manly heroism, and old German manners, was worthy to have been represented at the solemn celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the establishment of Swiss liberty, in sight of Tell's chapel, on the banks of the lake of Underwalden, under the canopy of heaven, with the towering Alps in the back ground."

In the same year he gave a translation of Shakspeare's *Macbeth*, of Racine's *Phèdre*; two French comedies, the *Nephew as Uncle*, and the *Parasite*; *Turandot* from *Gozzie*; and, in original poetry, the *Homage of the Arts*; and many of his incomparable smaller poems.

After the translation of *Phèdre*, he began a new dramatic poem founded on the history of the false *Demetrius* in Russia. While he was employed in this work, he was overtaken by the hand of death, his faculties being in their full power and vigour.

When he returned from Berlin, in 1804, (whi-

ther he had been to superintend the representation of Tell), he was taken dangerously ill; but got better, and hopes were entertained of his permanent recovery.

On the 9th of May, 1805, towards the morning, his mind wandered, and he spoke much of wars and soldiers, and pronounced the name of Lichtenberg, whose works he had lately read, though some say it was Lenchtenberg, an excursion to which romantic spot he had planned before his illness.

Towards four in that afternoon, he became more tranquil, and fell into a gentle slumber, from which he awoke only once for a short time. In this interval he gave orders that his remains might be conveyed to the grave with perfect quietness and without pomp. Soon afterwards, about six in the evening, he again sunk into a peaceful slumber, from which he awoke no more.

The utmost stillness prevailed at Weimar after Schiller's death. The theatre was closed for a considerable time: when it was re-opened, it was by a representation of the Maid of Orleans, accompanied by a solemn funeral oration to his memory.

He was buried on the night of the 11th of May.

According to his own directions, he was to have been borne to the grave by citizens; but several young students carried the bier, out of respect to the departed poet. Between twelve and one o'clock the procession approached the church-yard; it was observed that the sky was cloudy and appeared to threaten rain; but, as the coffin was about to be lowered into the earth, the clouds suddenly divided, the moon shone forth in unclouded brightness, and shed its rays full on the last receptacle of his remains. The corpse was slowly lowered into the grave, and the moon again disappeared behind the clouds. A tempestuous wind arose and seemed to warn the spectators of the irreparable loss they had sustained.

We may here quote the poet's own words:—

The rising sun will gild the silent tomb,
Round which we weep;
And the return of evening's gentle gloom
Will fall upon his couch of long, long sleep*.

On the following Sunday, May 13th, Mozart's Requiem was performed in the church; where the Head-Preacher Voigt, delivered an affecting discourse in honour of the immortal bard.

* See Schiller's Poem of the Fugitive.

Schiller was forty-five years old: he left behind him a widow, two sons, and two daughters.

In person, he was tall and of a good figure, but very thin. His health had visibly suffered from the exertions of his mind. A mild, thoughtful expression beamed on his pale cheeks and from his soft but animated eyes, while his high and open forehead bore the impress of deep reflection.

In his family circle, or amongst intimate friends, he was unreserved, cheerful, and sociable. A club established in Weimar contributed much to his amusement; and both he and Goethe composed several songs for their use: the Four Ages and the celebrated Hymn to Joy are of this number.

He usually spent his mornings in the midst of his family. In the afternoon he hastily read through what he had written the night before, and prepared for the studies of the following one. The rest of the day was devoted to his extensive correspondence, to reading, and to the conversation of his family and friends.

He was no friend to the noisy pleasures of life: the theatre was almost the only place of public resort which he frequented,—the only one in which he took any interest.

He was in the highest degree attached to Saxe Weimar, which he often declared he would never leave, and still more so to the grand duke, from whom he had received such constant marks of favour and affection.

He did not die rich. Though an enemy to all kind of ostentation, he was neither narrow-minded nor worldly enough to give his attention to the accumulation of wealth; above all, he was in the highest degree kind and benevolent. His heart felt for the distresses of others as for his own: and nothing gave him so much pleasure as to see any one happy and contented with his lot.

In Weimar, his death is yearly celebrated by the representation of Wallenstein.

We cannot close this biographical sketch better than by the words of Goethe, speaking of his departed friend:—

“We may indeed call him happy, since, having attained the height of mortal existence, he has now ascended to a more blessed one; a sudden illness having taken him away from the living. He did not feel the infirmities of old age, nor the decrease of his mental powers. He lived as a man, and departed home in the full enjoyment of his faculties. He has

now the advantage of living in the memory of after ages for ever, as powerful and mighty. For, in the same form in which a man leaves this earth, as such he wanders amongst the shades; and thus Achilles seems even now present to our imagination as an ever aspiring youth. From Schiller's grave there breathes a power to invigorate and to excite in us the most lively impulse to continue with zeal what he has begun. Thus will he ever live to his country and to mankind, through the powerful effects of his mind and genius."—*See Doering's Life of Schiller.*

I shall conclude this memoir with a few lines which I have translated from the original German, composed by the king of Bavaria, in memory of Schiller; of whom that excellent monarch in all his writings, expresses the highest admiration.

TO SCHILLER'S MEMORY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THE KING OF BAVARIA*.

NAUGHT that is lovely long on earth may stay;
 It does not to this lower world belong,
 But, as on angel's wings, it soars away:
 And such are those who own the power of song.

We scarce possess, ere lost, the prize divine;
 Scarce can we call a heavenly bard our own,
 Ere he has mounted to a brighter clime,
 And, like a blissful dream, for ever flown.

* Louis Charles Augustus, king of Bavaria, was born August, 1786.

May the Judge and Protector of people and of sovereigns long preserve him, for the honour and glory of Germany, and for the happiness of Bavaria. — *See Meyer's Biographical Notice.*

Thus Schiller, crown'd with never-fading bays,
In better realms his life's reward will find;
And now he dwells amidst those glorious rays,
Which, e'en on earth, were pictured in his mind.

For ever hallowed was his glorious muse;
He never wandered into error's night,
But purest love of virtue did diffuse:
And now he dwells amid the realms of light.

For he has found his Father's house of rest,
And left behind a never-dying fame:
At Schiller's name, high swells each German breast;
His, and his country's glory is the same.

What he so truly felt and sweetly sung,
Shall still engraven on each heart remain;
And blest effects have from his genius sprung,
O'er which the tide of time shall roll in vain.

THE GERMAN MUSE.

FROM SCHILLER.

No great Augustus gave his aid,
No favouring Medicis survey'd,
The freeborn German strain ;
Far from the rays of princely power,
Her muse, a wild but lovely flower,
Bloom'd on her native plain.

Scorn'd by her country's greatest son,
Thrust from the mighty Frederick's throne*,
Unskill'd her worth to prize ;
(So may each German proudly say),
She fram'd herself her native lay,
And rais'd it to the skies.

* Frederick II. wished French literature to be alone cultivated in his dominions: he set no value on that of Germany. Doubtless, in his time, it was not what it now is ; but a Ger-

Hence do her notes more freely sound,
More fulness in her chords is found,
Fresh from the poet's heart ;
Hence bolder swell the German strains,
Wild echoing o'er their native plains,
And scorn the rules of art.

The following is Madame de Staël's translation of a part of the above poem in French:—

On a vu, dit Schiller, la poésie, dédaignée par le plus grand des fils de la patrie, par Frédéric, s'éloigner du trône puissant qui ne la protégeoit pas : mais elle osa se dire Allemande ; mais elle se sentit fière de créer elle-même sa gloire. Les chants des bardes Germains retentirent sur le sommet des montagnes : ils se précipitèrent comme un torrent dans les val-

man prince ought to have encouraged every thing German. Frederick entertained the project of making Berlin another Paris ; and he flattered himself, that he could find amongst the French refugees some writers distinguished enough to form a literature. Such a hope was necessarily disappointed. A factitious and forced cultivation can never prosper. Some few individuals may be able to struggle with the difficulties of circumstances ; but the great mass will always follow the natural bent.—*Madame de Staël, Allemagne, Chapitre 16, de la Prusse.*

lées. Le poète indépendant ne reconnut pour loi que les impressions de son âme, et pour souverain que son génie.—*L'Allemagne, Chapitre 3.*

TRANSLATION.

We have seen, says Schiller, Poetry (disdained by the greatest son of our country, by Frederick,) turn away from the powerful throne which refused her its protection; yet this muse dared to call herself German,—she was proud of owing her glory to herself alone. The songs of the German bards resounded from the tops of their mountains, they rushed, like a torrent, into her valleys. The freeborn poet acknowledged no law but the feelings of his own soul, and no sovereign but his genius.

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

OBSERVATIONS.—BY MADAME DE STAEL.

THE piece of poetry intitled THE BELL, consists of two distinct parts. The stanzas, in the form of a chorus, are intended to express the labours of the foundry. Between each of these stanzas there are delightful verses on the solemn circumstances or the extraordinary events announced by bells, such as births, marriages, deaths, incendiaries, rebellions, &c. The powerful thoughts, the beautiful and affecting images, with which the contemplation of the grand epochs of human destiny inspired Schiller, might be translated into French; but it would be impossible to imitate with dignity the stanzas in short verses, composed as they are of words, whose original and hurried sound makes you imagine you hear the repeated blows of the hammer, and the rapid steps of the smiths, who superintend the mass of molten ore. Can any idea of this poem be conveyed by a prose translation? It would be reading music,

instead of hearing it. It is even easier to represent to oneself, by the power of imagination, the effect of well-known instruments, than the agreement and contrast caused by rhymes, in a language of which you are ignorant. Sometimes, the shortness of the metre recurring at stated intervals, makes you imagine the activity of the workmen at the forge, that constant though repressed energy exercised in mechanical occupations; and sometimes, by the side of this harsh and strong sound, you hear the aerial chants of enthusiasm and melancholy.—*Madame de Staël, L'Allemagne, Chapitre 13.*

OBSERVATIONS.—BY DOERING.

Schiller's delightful Song of the Bell well deserves that we should give it somewhat more consideration. The form of this poem has not been improperly compared to a homily. As the preacher goes through a certain portion of Scripture, from verse to verse, and finds occasion to add moral reflections to each, some more and some less, so here the poet connects, with the moulding of the bell, and with each different stage of its progress, a number of most admirable descriptions of the situations and circumstances of human life.—(*Schiller considered as a moralist*).

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Vivos voco—mortuos plango—fulgura frango.

THE Bell must finished be to-day.

Companions all, your efforts ply,
Mould well the form, and burn the clay,
Inclos'd in earth then let it lie,
Let none their labour spare,
The toil, the praise, we share,—
Our skill in this our work be shewn;
But blessing comes from Heaven alone.

To those who well their toil pursue,
A cheering word is ever due;
For words of sympathy impart
New vigour to the hands and heart.

Then let us fix'd attention lend
To what our busy hand performs
That heedless mind must be contemn'd
Which thinks not well on what it forms.

It is man's glory and his pride,
That still his heart—his hand—should guide;
For that was understanding given,
The gracious, glorious gift of Heaven.

Take ye of yonder mountain pine,
And throw it on the rising fire;
See that the wood be dry and fine,
That the bright flame may high aspire.
Boil well, once more,
The molten ore;
See that the mingling metals well
Combine, to form the sounding bell.

That which our busy hands have plied
Low in the earth, with toil and care,
Shall witness for us far and wide,
High sounding thro' the azure air;
To future ages shall remain;
To many a heart cause joy or pain;
Shall waft devotion's flame on high;
And echo to the mourner's sigh
Each changing fate, that, from their birth,
Awaits the short-lived sons of earth;

Shall on its metal roof resound,
And spread the tidings far around.

Lo! the white bubbles upward spring;
Lo! the minerals blend aright;
Salt, mixed with ashes, hither bring,
To make the molten metal bright.

From dross impure,
The mass secure;
So may the metal, strong and clear,
With notes harmonious glad the ear.

Lo! with the cheerful sounds of joy,
It greets the cherish'd infant boy,
In life's first stage by all carest,
While sunk in sweet unconscious rest,
Unknown his future joys, or woes,
Nor soothe, nor break, his calm repose.
The tender mother's anxious fears
Watch the bright morning of his years;
Swift as an arrow cleaves the sky,
So life's first years pass fleetly by:

The youth now quits his childhood's guide,
And thro' the world prepares to roam;
Then back returns, in manhood's pride,
A stranger to his native home.

See, in the grace of early youth,
With blushing cheeks, and brow of truth,
In goodness, as in beauty bright,
A lovely maiden greets his sight.
The wilder sports of youth are o'er,
His rude companions please no more;
His timid steps her paths pursue,
He culls each flower of fairest hue,
Her youthful beauty to adorn,
And brighter seems each opening morn.

Oh, gentle hope, oh, pure delight
Of youthful love, unmix'd with woes!

When heaven opens to the sight,
And the young heart with joy o'erflows.
Oh, could these golden joys remain
Thro' life, nor pass like shadows vain!

The clay a browner colour wears;
This iron bar I now throw in,—
Soon as its surface glazed appears,
To cast the metal we begin.

Hasten, companions! view!
Does the mass mingle true?
If sharp and soft are blended well,
A good result we may foretell.

Where strength with tenderness we find—
Where power with lowliness combin'd—
In happy harmony they flow,
And blessings all around bestow.
Oh! ye, who meet no more to part,
Look well that heart accords with heart;
Else, short the joy, and swift it flies,
Followed by grief that never dies!
Behold yon bride—so young, so fair,—
The garland shining in her hair,
While the loud-peeling bells invite
All gaily to the nuptial rite!
Behold of life the festal day!
And yet it ends—life's lovely May!
When youth's bright days are past and o'er,
Affection still the heart should cheer;
When hope and fancy charm no more,
Then homefelt peace should be more dear.
Yet must man's weary way be won
Thro' much of toil, thro' much of strife,
Till his appointed race be run.—
'Tis labour all—e'en prosperous life:
For he must struggle oft in vain;
Must hope, must venture—haply gain.

So peace shall with his labours blend,
And blessings on his house descend.
There, too, the mother's love presides,
Her children still to virtue guides ;
Their tender years her care protects,
Her mild reproof their faults corrects,
And, happy 'neath her peaceful sway,
Her loved commands they all obey.
Her house with peace and order blest,
Her hands from labour never rest ;
Duty's and pleasure's sweet accord
Her ceaseless care and love reward.
The father, too, at evening's hour,
Ascends his mansion's highest tower,
And with glad eye counts o'er and o'er
The various treasures of his store.
His trees, that goodly fruits adorn ;
His fields, that wave with golden corn ;
His barns, with plenty overflowing ;
And blessings all around him growing :
With heart elate, with accents vain,
" My house," he cries, " shall still remain,
Firm as the earth beneath the sky ;
Misfortune's power I now defy."

Mistaken man! what mortal state
Was e'er exempt from changing fate?
How vain our boast, how vain our pride,
When sorrow comes with giant stride!

The molten metal now we pour,
That the mould its form may lend;
Ere we let run the boiling ore
May our prayers to Heaven ascend!
Now let the stopper loose:
May God protect the house!
See, in the oven's vaulted cave,
The fire lifts each roaring wave.

Beneficent is fire's power
To cheer the lone or social hour,
Wherein the skill of man can guide,
And tame the fury of its tide.
But, oh, how dire! when free and wild,
Of nature the unconquered child,
It comes with bold, resistless force,
What hand can stop its destined course!
So the same cloud, from whence the rain
Descends, refreshing all the plain,

Sends forth the lightning's fearful beam;
On yon high tower behold it gleam.
The glowing sky is fiercely bright,
Not with the sun's all-cheering light—

All, all around,

Noise and confusion sound.

Columns of sparks ascend on high;
The whirlwind drives them to the sky;
The wind impels the furious flame:
No human hand its rage can tame.
As a volcano fierce and dire,
With awful rage bursts forth the fire:
The doors, the roofs, the windows, fall;
Despair and terror seize on all,—

The children's tears,

The mother's fears,

The helpless cattle's piteous cry,
That 'neath the fallen ruins lie.

The night, tho' dark, seems bright like day,
Illumined by the fearful ray.

Fierce and more fierce the flames ascend;

The roofs sink in, the pillars bend;

Consumed is all the garner's store;

On every side the fire's loud roar

Is heard: and, mounting to the skies,
While earth all round in ruin lies,
With giant power it makes its way,
E'en to the height of Heaven.
Man's hand no more its force can stay;
He can but wonder and obey,
In this all-conquering, dreadful hour,—
Its heaven-directed power.

All is consumed:
Naught seen of all there was before,
Nor heard—except the wild wind's roar,
That sadly thro' the ruin howls;
And desolation reigns
Wide o'er the wasted plains.

One glance around the dreary scene
Of every former joy is cast;
One parting glance, and that the last:
Then with firm step, and cheerful mien,
He takes his pilgrim's staff.
Tho' sharp the wounds of sorrow's dart,
One comfort cheers his fainting heart:
He counts the heads of those most dear,
And, lo! not one is wanting there.

See! the mould is filled aright;
Well did the clay the ore receive:
But will it perfect come to light,
Reward to all our toils to give?
For if the mould but fail,
Naught would our skill avail.
While yet we hope, perhaps, e'en now,
Mischance may lay our prospects low.

The sower gladly trusts his grain,
All fearless, to the lap of earth,
And hopes in Heaven, nor hopes in vain,
To see it spring with increase forth.
With sorrowing hope ourselves intrust
More precious relics to the dust;
Hope that they may more brightly bloom
From the dark precincts of the tomb*.

Hark, from the tower
The dolefull bell,
Solemn and slow,
With note of woe,
Sends forth a funeral knell.

* "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep; that ye sorrow not, even as others who have no hope."—*St. Paul's First Epistle to the Thessalonians, chap. 4, verse 13.*

Sad sign that now his last long home
Some pilgrim seeks, no more to roam.
Alas! it is the faithful wife,
Who now has closed her precious life,
The tender mother, whose career
Is done—she slumbers in her bier:
Her now the cruel fates remove
From the young children of her love;
Those infants her fond arms carest,
And proudly to her bosom prest.
Alas! of home the dearest ties
Have fled that house for evermore;
The mother dwells beyond the skies,
Her tender watchings now are o'er;
Her gentle spirit's far away;
For she has found her resting-place:
And o'er her young and orphan race
A stranger, void of love, bears sway.

Now let the metal cool awhile;
Now let us from our labour rest:
As birds at eve their toil beguile,
Gaily disporting in the west.

With the setting sun
Every labour's done;

When the gentle vesper bell
Softly sounds o'er hill and dell*.

* The translator has ventured to add a few lines of her own, which she composed at the time she translated the Song of the Bell.

As when the sun's declining light
Gilds the Alp's bright snowy height,
The shepherd's horn is heard around,
Proclaiming with melodious sound:—
Oh! praise the Lord, the Lord of Heaven,
To him let all your praise be given:
So may these notes harmonious join,
To raise the heart to thoughts divine.

The idea of the Alpine horn was suggested to the writer by the following passage:—

“ Besides the *ranz des vâches*, the Alpine horn has another more solemn and religious use. When the sun has sunk in the valley, and the light of day just lingers on the top of the snow-clad mountain, the herdsman who lives on the highest Alp takes his horn, and exclaims, as through a speaking-trumpet, ‘ Praise God the Lord!’ All the herdsmen in the neighbourhood, as soon as they hear this sound, come out of their cottages, take their Alpine horns, and repeat the same words. This often lasts a quarter of an hour; and the echoes from the mountains and from the steep sides of the rocks resound the name of God.

“ At length there is a solemn silence. All kneel down and pray with uncovered heads. By this time it has become dark. The herdsman on the highest Alp then exclaims again, through his trumpet, ‘ Good night!’ ‘Good night!’ then resounds from all the herdsmen's horns, through all the mountains, and from every cleft of the rocks. After this, every one lies down to rest.”—*Reichard*.—See *Crab's German Extracts*.

The labourer, from the dreary waste,
 Now bends his steps with joyful haste
 To yonder cot, his much-loved home.
 The bleating sheep no longer roam;
 With gentle low the cattle all
 Seek rest within the well-known stall*.
 The harvest's load the reapers bring;
 Crowned with fresh wreaths, they gaily sing,
 While the young peasants to the dance
 With joyous mien and step advance.
 Now circled in the city's wall
 The busy streets are silent all,
 While round the social evening fire
 The happy householders retire;
 The city gates they safely close,
 Then taste the sweets of calm repose.
 Though darkness has the earth o'erspread,
 Their bosoms feel nor fear nor dread;
 They know a watchful eye still guides,
 And in the dark, and light, presides.

* These descriptions of evening, remind us of Petrarch's Poem, commencing—

“Nella stazion che 'l ciel rapido inchina,
 Verso occidente.”

Canzone 5.

“The hour when the fair light of Heaven declines
 And sinks towards the West.”

Hail! sacred Order, heavenly guest!
By her each social bond is blest;
Each wandering tribe her voice recalls;
She founds the busy city's walls;
She calls the savage from the wild,
Accustoms him to manners mild,
And teaches him no more to roam:
Each social grace she can impart,
And, best and dearest to the heart,
The love of country and of home.
Behold a thousand busy hands,
In various toil together join,
With spirit and with strength combine,
In social blessings thro' the lands;
For labour's self is pleasant found,
When freedom sheds her light around:
Each man contented with his place,
Fulfil with joy his daily race,
By none opprest, and none oppressing,
And on each toil its wonted blessing.
Let monarchs glory in their pride;
Our hands in labour must confide!

Sweet Peace! blest Concord! still remain,—
For ever guard this happy plain;

May that dread day be never seen,
O'er these fair hills and valleys green,
When war's fierce footsteps shall resound
 Wide o'er this peaceful ground
Ne'er may this vale, where, at the close of day,
 The sun's last ray
Sheds softly forth its mingled hues,
(That glowing beauties all around diffuse),
Behold the direful torch of discord blaze,
Or wild rebellion light her fearful rays!

Now the covering we must part,
For its design is well fulfilled,
That to our eyes and to our heart,
The finished work may pleasure yield.

 Swing your hammers, swing!

 Let the clay-work spring.

When the Bell is reared on high,
The moulding must in pieces fly*.

* The translator again ventures to insert as a note a few lines of her own, on the same subject:—

 Oft may its sounds at early dawn,
 Ushering in the cheerful morn,
 Begin a day of calm content,
 In labour and in quiet spent.

The master who the work can frame,
May break the mould with skilful hands :
But sad their fate, when from the flame
The glowing iron bursts its bands ;
Wild raging, with the noise of thunder,
It flies, and rends the house asunder :
Where ruthless strength and power reign,
Uncheck'd by wisdom's guiding rein,
When with fierce hands their bonds they rend,
What blessings can their paths attend?

How dire, when through the city's wall,
The spark, long smothered, flames on high,
And fierce rebellion's dreadful call
Takes the sweet name of liberty.
The Bell then sounds a fearful note ;
And that which now our hands devote
To peace and social virtues mild,
May give rebellion's signal wild.

And oft proclaim the Sabbath's rest,—
The day of Heaven itself most blest.
Oft may its notes, resounding wide,
Some wandering traveller's footsteps guide
Or, yet more blest, reclaim some heart
From Virtue's ways about to part,
Awake to penitence and prayer,
And save a victim from despair.

Equal and free ! is then the word :
That shouted through the streets is heard ;
The peaceful citizen in vain
Attempts the madness to restrain
Of murderous bands, that all around
Send forth a wild and fearful sound.
The women then with fury rage,
The war with desperate hands they wage,
And, acting e'en a panther's part,
Tear out their foes' yet beating heart.
Naught then is sacred ; every band
Of virtue leaves the hapless land ;
The modest and the good give way,
The vicious hold a direful sway.
Fearful it is the tiger's rage,
Or lion's fury to engage ;
Yet none so fearful or so dire,
As man, when fully roused to ire.
Oh ! woe to those who to the blind
The heaven-enkindled torch resigned ;
It lights them not, yet may consume,
And spread around a deeper gloom.

Lo ! our work is blest by Heaven :
See, like some bright and golden star,

From out the mould, all smooth and even,
How it glistens from afar.

Well does its surface bright

Reflect the solar light.

The polished metal now shall raise,
The skilful master's well-earned praise.

Come round, come round !

Companions all—our work is o'er—

The Bell is made—its name be given:

Our work we must devote to Heaven.

Its name be Concord ever more !

For ever be each sounding note

To Peace, to Piety, to Heaven devote !

And such from henceforth be the fate

For which our hands did it create.

High o'er this lowly life of care,

In Heaven's extended azure air,

Near where the thunder's sound sublime,

Near to the planets' heavenly chime,

Where they their Maker's praise resound,

And mark the year's encircling round,—

There may its voice be heard above,

And be like theirs, a voice of love.

To serious, holy things alone

Devote its mellow-sounding tone,

And daily, hourly, with its chime
Record the rapid flight of time,
And, though devoid of feeling, state
With varying voice each turn of fate,
And mark with its responsive sound
Of human life the changeful round:
And as its notes, so strong, so clear,
Now die away upon the ear,
So let it teach that naught can stay,
That all things earthly pass away.

Now with strength from off the ground
Uplift it to a glorious height ;
Whence it may far and wide resound,
In regions of a purer light.

Now lift, uplift it high ;
Unfettered let it fly !
Joy to this town it shall portend :
Peace, the first sound its notes shall send !

LOYALTY.

FROM SCHILLER'S PROLOGUE TO THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

(A Free Translation.)

OUR own, our native Sovereign, who was born
Amongst us, who was young with our youth ;
Whose ancestor's revered remains repose
In this our land—He is our steadfast friend ;
He only is the father of his people ;
Whose native language is our own, whose heart
Delighted in its sound from early years :
The monarch who protects the fruitful field,
Who is the guardian of the sacred plough ;
Who joyful counts each city round the throne ;
Who gladly leads his subjects on to freedom ;
He who restrains the bad, but helps the weak,
Who knows no envy ; Placed above us all—
Tho' human, seems an angel of compassion
On this contentious earth. The throne of kings,

The lofty throne, is evermore the refuge
Of the distressed, the friendless, the forlorn ;
The place of justice, and the seat of mercy.
The guilty fear before it, but the good
Approach unharmed the lions round the throne.

The translation of this passage was suggested to my mind by the feelings of the 28th of June, the day of the coronation of our beloved Sovereign, Queen Victoria: a day which can never be effaced from the hearts of those who witnessed it. The genuine glow of loyalty and enthusiasm which pervaded every rank and condition of the immense concourse of people, assembled from every part of her dominions, the splendour of the scene, and, above all, the blessings and prayers of a whole nation, formed not only an imposing, but an affecting spectacle.

A deep sentiment of loyalty and piety seemed to fill every heart, and to unite thousands in one fervent prayer to the Almighty, for blessings on the head of the youthful Sovereign, who was commencing her reign under such happy auspices; succeeding a long line of illustrious ancestors, and immediately following

a monarch, whose benignant and generous virtues will ever cause his name to be not only revered, but blessed among his people.

I have also ventured to add a free translation of the following prayer from an eminent French divine of the last century:—

Oh, Almighty God! give thy mercies to this our Sovereign, thy righteousness to the descendant of so many kings. Bless her, by preserving her in thy fear, which alone forms the happiness of monarchs and of nations. Establish the prosperity of her reign, by the goodness of her heart, and the integrity of her life. Let thy holy law be written in her soul and around her diadem, to alleviate the weight of it. Let her know only the cares of royalty, by her sensibility towards her people; and may piety, still more than power or glory, constitute all her felicity and ours.—*See Masillon, Petit Carême, Troisième Dimanche de Carême.*

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF WALLENSTEIN.

ACT II. SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN—THE DUCHESS.

WALLENSTEIN.

WELL, Duchess, have you visited Vienna?
Were you presented to the queen of Hungary?

DUCHESS.

And to the empress. Both their majesties
Received our homage ere we parted thence.

WALLENSTEIN.

And what was said? What reason was supposed,
That I should send for wife and daughter here,
Into this camp, now in the winter season?

DUCHESS.

I followed your directions. I gave out,
You had determined on our daughter's fate,

And would present to her her future husband,
Ere you proceeded on your next campaign.

WALLENSTEIN.

And did they guess on whom my choice had fallen?

DUCHESS.

They only hoped it would not prove to be
A foreigner.

WALLENSTEIN.

What do you wish, Elizabeth?

DUCHESS.

Your will, you know, was evermore my own.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause*).

And what was your reception at the court?

[*The DUCHESS looks down, and is silent.*]

Do not deceive me! How were you received?

DUCHESS.

Alas, my husband! Oh! it is no more
As formerly. There is, indeed, a change.

WALLENSTEIN.

What! were they, then, wanting in respect?

DUCHESS.

Not in respect. Courteous, and ceremonious
Was our reception; but, alas! instead
Of kind, confiding, gracious confidence,
We were received with form and stateliness.
E'en the consideration that was shewn,
Spoke but of pity: and no longer favour.
Oh, no! I feel it was not thus—not thus—
Duke Albert's noble wife, Count Harnach's daughter
Should have been welcomed there.

WALLENSTEIN.

My last proceedings, doubtless, have been blamed?

DUCHESS.

Oh, would they had been. Long have I been used
To seek excuse, to soothe each angry mind.
No! none now blame you. Every one retires,
Or shuts his thoughts in an oppressive silence.
I see, I see, this is no transient cloud,
No common quarrel, no capricious feeling,
But something real, perhaps beyond repair,
Has happened. Formerly, the gracious queen
Of Hungary was wont to call me cousin,
And to embrace me when we parted.

WALLENSTEIN.

Did she then now omit it?

DUCHESS (*after a pause—drying her tears*).

She embraced me;

But when I had already taken leave,
And had already pass'd the door, she came to me,
In haste,—as if some sudden thought arose,—
And press'd me to her heart, with an emotion,
Partaking more of grief than tenderness.

WALLENSTEIN (*taking her hand*).

Compose yourself.

How was't with Eggenberg, with Sichtenstein,
And with our other friends?

DUCHESS.

I saw them not.

WALLENSTEIN.

And with the count, ambassador of Spain,
Who ever spake so warmly in my favour?

DUCHESS.

He has no longer words in your behalf.

WALLENSTEIN.

Those suns will shine no more; I now must trust
But to the flame which I myself have kindled.

DUCHESS.

Can it be true? Dear duke, is it then true,
That which was gently whispered at the court,
And in the country spoken of aloud—
That of which Father Lamormain has given
Some hints obscurely.

WALLENSTEIN (*sharply*).

Lamormain!—what says he?

DUCHESS.

You are accused of rashly overstepping
The high authority confided in you;
Of a blameworthy scorn of high commands;
And of imperial confidence.
Bavaria's haughty duke, together with
The Spaniard, stand against you as accusers.

A storm is gathering over you, far worse
Than that which thrust you down at Regensburg.
They speak—alas! I cannot say the word.

WALLENSTEIN (*in anxious suspense*).

Well.

DUCHESS.

Of a second—(*she stops short*).

WALLENSTEIN.

A second—

DUCHESS.

More insulting removal.

WALLENSTEIN.

They speak? (*pacing the room in great agitation*).
Oh! then they drive me to it, e'en by force;
Against my will, they will compel the deed.

DUCHESS (*approaching him in a supplicating attitude*).

Oh! if it yet is time, my husband, if
By yielding, by submission, you can yet
Avert this blow; oh! do not scorn to do so;

But, timely turn your proud heart back again :
You yield but to your sovereign emperor.
No longer suffer your upright intentions
To bear a hateful and unworthy meaning,
Through poisonous hatred, or malicious envy.
With all the power of truth stand up against them,
To shame the liar and the slanderer.
Few are, indeed, the friends whom we possess:
You know full well, our sudden rise has made us
A mark unto the envy of mankind.
If now imperial favour turn from us,
What are we then?

THE LAMENT OF WALLENSTEIN OVER MAX.
PICCOLOMINI.

WHENE'ER mine eye beheld him I was happy;
 He was the star that beam'd upon my life;
 The sight of him imparted buoyant strength—
 But he is happy—for his day is done.
 For him there is no earthly future. Fate
 No more can weave her snares for him; his life
 Is spread before us like a fair, bright page—
 Without one spot of darkness it remains.
 No hour that strikes can bring him sorrow more,
 For he is past all wishes and all fears,
 Beyond th' influence of the planet's change.
 Oh, well is he! But, unto us, who knows
 What the next hour, all darkly veil'd, may bring?
 I shall recover from this blow; I know it:
 For, what cannot the mind of man endure?
 From highest joys of life unto the least,
 We learn to do without what Fate denies.
 All powerful is the present o'er the heart!

Yet, well I feel what I have lost in him:
Faded is now the flower of my life,
All cold and colourless it lies before me;
For he stood by me, like a second youth—
He threw the brightness of a golden morn
Over the common things of daily life,
Made what was real seem like a happy dream;
And in the fire of his blissful feelings,
E'en to my own astonishment, I felt
Life's dreary road, assume a higher aim.
Whate'er I now accomplish, or attain,
The charm is gone,—it can return no more.
Of all the joys of life, a friend is first—
Whose sympathy can make or double all.

Wallenstein's Death, Act 5, Scene 3.

TIME.

A FRAGMENT FROM SCHILLER.

TIME is a wonder-working Deity.
Lo! in an hour, thousands of grains of sand
Run through a glass; and swift as is their course,
So are the various turns of thought in Man.
Only an hour! Your heart may then be turn'd
Towards his. Some joyful tidings may arrive,
Some blest event, to save, and to decide,
May swiftly fall from Heaven. A single hour—
Oh, what may not a single hour effect?

Wallenstein's Death, Act 5, Scene 6.

MELCHTHAL'S LAMENTATION ON RECEIVING
THE NEWS OF HIS FATHER'S BLINDNESS.

OH! a most noble gift of Heaven it is,—
The light of day unto the seeing eye.
All beings live, and all rejoice in light;
The very plants turn gladly to the Sun:
While he must sit still groping in the night,
In everlasting darkness. He no more
Can be refresh'd by cheerful meadow's green;
No more behold the flower's varied hues;
Nor view the brightness of the glowing west.
To die is nought! To live, and not to see,
That—that is misery. Why do you gaze
So sadly on me? I have two whole eyes,
Yet can give neither to my orbless father:
No, not one glimmer from the sea of light,
That shining, dazzling, presses on my sight.
Oh! father, blind and old,
Thou can'st not *see* the day of Freedom dawn;
But thou shalt *hear* it, when, from Alp to Alp,

The signal-fires shall flaming rise on high;
When the proud castles of our tyrants fall,
Our lofty mountains echo Freedom's call,
Each Swiss triumphant then shall seek thy shed,
To tell the news, and bless thy reverend head;
And the glad light of Freedom's welcome ray,
Shall turn thy night into a sunshine day.

Schiller's William Tell, Act 1, Scene 4.

FRAGMENT.

FROM SCHILLER.

I too was born on fair Arcadia's plain;
 And o'er my infant years
A fair but faithless promise seemed to reign.
I too was born on fair Arcadia's plain;
Yet the short summer brought me nought but tears.
The spring of life comes once, then blooms no more:
My spring has faded,—all its sweets are o'er.

From Schiller's Poem on Resignation.

RIDDLE.

FROM SCHILLER.

WHAT is the thing whose worth few understand;
Yet it adorns a mighty emperor's hand?
Sharp as a two-edged sword, its wounds are deep;
And yet it sheds no blood, makes none to weep?
The Globe itself has been by this subdued;
And it has conquered nations wild and rude:
With wealth it has full many thousands blest;
Yet has it never robb'd, and none oppress:
The greatest empire did from this arise;
It founded cities towering to the skies:
Its conquests have been many, wide, and far;
Yet was it never seen mid strife or war.
Happy the nation where its power is known:
Happy the people who its value own!
Can'st thou not guess? Then, stranger, haste away,
Nor venture in these blooming plains to stray!

DESCRIPTION OF FRANCE, AS GIVEN BY JOAN
OF ARC.

IN SCHILLER'S PROLOGUE TO THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

WHAT, shall this kingdom fall? This far-famed land
Most beauteous that th' eternal Sun beholds
In all his course: the paradise of lands?
Shall it then stoop to bear a foreign yoke?
Here sunk the heathen's might; the Christian light
First dawned in Europe here; the earliest cross
Was here displayed—blest sign of heavenly grace:
Here rest the ashes of the sainted Louis.
The holy wars first took their rise from us;
And we re-conquered Sion's sacred walls.

GOETHE.

THE

GOETHE.

BORN AUGUST 28, 1749.

“Goethe might represent the whole of German literature. He alone unites every thing that distinguishes the German genius, and no one is so remarkable for a style of imagination, in which neither the Italians, the English, nor the French, in the least participate.”—*Madame de Staël, Allemagne, chap. 8.*

FROM 1749 TO 1765.

JOHN WOLFGANG GOETHE was born August 28th, 1749, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. His father was a learned man, of domestic habits and strict principles, and took great pleasure in attending himself to the education of his children, of whom two only survived, the celebrated poet and his sister Cornelia.

Goethe early shewed great quickness of comprehension, memory, and application; though not fond of the rules of grammar, he had much facility in languages, and easily seized their different idioms. His ready capacity, led him to

enter into the spirit of whatever study he pursued. The love of Italy and the fine arts was early awakened in him, by a series of pictures representing Roman scenery, which ornamented the entrance of his father's house. Amongst the books which gave him the greatest pleasure in his childhood, were *Telemachus*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Ovid's Metamorphoses*: he also passed many happy hours at the door of a bookseller at Frankfort, who supplied him and his companions with popular stories, fairy tales, &c., which, though the print was scarcely legible, were perused with great eagerness. Goethe's father instructed his daughter in Italian, while his son learnt *Cellarius* by heart in the same room. When he had finished his task, he applied himself to the Italian, and soon became master of that language. In the year 1759, in consequence of the part France took in the Seven Years war, many French troops were quartered in Frankfort. Count Thorane, the head lieutenant, who was a native of Provence, was stationed in the house of Goethe's father, whose politics had alway sled him to favour Prussia, and to whom the presence of French troops was displeasing; yet the society of the Count was not without its advantages to

Goethe, who acquired from him a taste for drawing, and a perfect knowledge of the French language. A French theatre having been erected at Frankfort, it was one of his favourite amusements to attend it, and to learn many of Racine's plays by heart. About this time, he and his sister received instructions from an English master, who resided for a short time at Frankfort; and, by diligent application, he soon made considerable progress in that language. He early shewed his talent for invention, in a romance which he composed, in order to exercise himself in foreign languages. He imagined six brothers and a sister, dispersed in different parts of the world, who corresponded in various languages; and, notwithstanding many faults in this juvenile production, it displayed both information and talent; which were still more decidedly seen, in a poem he undertook on the history of Joseph.

His father perceived, and highly prized, the natural gifts of his son: perseverance and steadiness had ever been the characteristics of his own disposition, and he required the same in others; whatever was once undertaken, though it might prove wearisome, or even useless, he insisted on its completion. The acquaintance

which young Goethe made with several persons of distinguished merit, who visited at his father's house, had much influence on the formation of his character; and he had more pleasure in their society, than in that of young people of his own age. In the year 1764, the election and coronation of Joseph the Second took place at Frankfort: the interest and animation which this important event caused through all ranks of society, was shared in the most lively manner by a youth of such ardent feelings; and his father, in order that it might make the deeper impression on him, took the opportunity of reading the history of the two preceding coronations with great attention.

Goethe had made some progress in Greek and even in Hebrew; but his principal attention had been given to Latin, which he read with perfect facility; although he had acquired that language, as well as the Italian, French, and English, more from practice, than from the strict rules of school learning.

The time was now arrived in which he was to be placed at a university: his father made choice of Leipsic; for which place our author set off, Michaelmas, 1765, with the best wishes and blessings of his parents and friends.

FROM 1765 TO 1771.

Goethe arrived at Leipsic, with high expectations of the advantages to be derived from a course of academical instruction, and already possessing a store of information, as well as native ardour and application, well calculated to profit by it; nevertheless, he appears at first to have experienced more disappointment than satisfaction. The study of logic, especially, seemed to his poetic imagination, rather a fetter, than a help, to the powers of the mind; and the system of school learning appeared rather to depress than elevate his natural genius: nevertheless he acquired much instruction from the lessons of the Professors at the university, as also from the friendships he formed with several students of congenial pursuits, particularly with George Schlosser; a young man distinguished for his attainments in literature and languages.

At this period, he began to exercise that talent for poetry and composition, which was ere long to render his name so celebrated. He made an excursion to Dresden; where the impression which the splendid gallery of pictures in that city made on

him was such, that he remembered it with pleasure to the end of his life; he had so much natural taste for painting and architecture, that he would have become distinguished in these pursuits, had he encouraged the cultivation of them. The acquaintance he made with Stocke, the celebrated engraver, induced him to try that art, in which he succeeded; but which, for want of proper precaution in the use of the nitric acid, proved injurious to his health. The time destined for his sojourn at Leipsic had now elapsed; and in September, 1768, he returned home. The joy of meeting was in some degree lessened, both to his parents and himself, by the want of health, and dejection of spirits, which oppressed him, occasioned chiefly by his attempts at engraving, and, perhaps, by the effect of application, on a sensitive and eager disposition. After some time spent in the repose and quiet of his father's house, he proceeded to Strasburg, to complete his studies, especially that of the law. The time he passed at Strasburg, appears to have been as pleasing to him as it was advantageous to the developement of his taste and genius. It was here that he became acquainted with Meyer, Engelbach, Wieland, and above all, Herder, whose knowledge

of languages and literature was unequalled, and who may be said to have opened to his view unthought of riches, and new prospects of delight, in the field of learning. An acquaintance with Shakspeare, as well as with the beauties of the Hebrew writers, were amongst the benefits derived from Herder's conversation. It is pleasing to reflect, that Goethe ever remembered, and returned his obligations to the man, who had been amongst the first to perceive and encourage the talents of his youth. He made great progress in all his studies, without debarring himself from other sources of enjoyment or improvement. Amongst other amusements he took frequent excursions in the beautiful country round Strasburg. A well-chosen and instructive society, (with the cultivation of several lighter accomplishments, as fencing, dancing, &c.), was favourable to the formation of his social and mental qualifications. He now laid the plan of two works which afterwards became celebrated, *Goetz of Berlichingen*, and *Faustus*.

Having completed his studies and taken his degree, he returned home, enriched with new ideas and extended information; but, doubtless, he did not then foresee the height of fame and distinction to which native genius was soon to raise him.

FROM 1771 TO 1775.

After his return to his father's house, (in 1771), Goethe spent several years in tranquil employment and improvement, in the cultivation of literature and of society, without any remarkable event, till the year 1774, when he wrote the Sorrows of Werther.

The idea of this celebrated romance seems to have been suggested by some unhappy circumstances, which occurred in the circle of his acquaintance, and made a vivid impression on his mind. He devoted himself to this composition for four weeks; during which time he withdrew himself from the society, even of his most intimate friends, and, giving full scope to his imagination, began and finished a performance, which at once ranked his name with those of the most distinguished writers of Europe.

The description of him, as he was at this period, is given in the most spirited manner by Heimse, with whom he became acquainted in an excursion to Dusseldorf—

“Goethe,” says he, in a letter dated Dusseldorf, September 13th, 1774, “was with us: a fine young

man of five-and-twenty, full of genius, power, and spirit, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; a heart full of feeling; a soul of fire, that soars on eagle's wings. I know no one, in the whole history of letters, who has possessed such native genius at so early an age."

J. H. Jacobi thus expresses himself in a letter addressed to Wieland, August 27th, 1774, speaking of Goethe—"The more I reflect on it, the more I feel the impossibility of making any one, who has not seen or heard Goethe, comprehend all that pertains to this wonder of God's creation. He is, (to use Heimse's expression), all genius from head to foot; spend only one hour with him, and you will find how ridiculous it would be, even to wish him to act, or think, otherwise than he does. By this I do not mean, that no change for the better, could possibly be made in him; but the flower of his genius must expand itself, the seed must ripen, and the tree flourish, as Nature has directed. The instant Goethe and myself met, we felt what we were, what we must be, to one another: there was an instant affection between us." In another letter of Jacobi's, addressed to Sophia Laroche, he says—"Goethe is the man who has the power to attract, and to retain the warmest affections of my soul. My dis-

position has now gained its own proper steadiness, for under his direction, my best ideas, my best feelings, so often lonely and repulsed, have found the reality they long sought for." One of the most important effects of the fame Goethe had acquired, was, that it attracted the attention of the hereditary prince, afterwards Duke of Saxe Weimar, and his brother Constantine. The account of their first meeting is thus given:—As the poet was one day employed in his room, towards the dusk of the evening, in drawing sketches of some of his friends in crayons, a man of a noble deportment entered the room; Goethe at first thought it was Jacobi, but he soon perceived his error, and saw it was a stranger, whose manners shewed that he was a military man. His name was Knebel; and Goethe learned from him, that he was the governor of Prince Constantine, and was travelling with the two young princes, who were desirous of becoming acquainted with Goethe. No sooner did he hear this wish expressed, than he as earnestly desired to be presented to them. In this he was immediately gratified: the conversation turned on subjects of literature; but was not confined to that only: religion, history, government, were touched on in so masterly a manner, as proved that he

was not a mere writer, without practical knowledge of life and men; but one whose genius and comprehensive mind had made him master of every kind of information. He had the happiness to win the favour of the two young princes in the highest degree: they insisted on his accompanying them in a journey to Mainz. At Carlsruhe he became acquainted with Klopstock and Zimmerman. He was struck with this peculiarity in Klopstock, that he would hardly ever speak of subjects on which his conversation was most wished for and expected. He was always silent when literature or poetry was spoken of; but on the contrary, he would descant at length, on the noble art of skating, in which he was well known to be an adept.

The first impression Goethe made on his princely patrons was a lasting one; he had for ever secured their affection and esteem, and scarcely had the then hereditary Prince of Weimar come to the government of his dominions, than he called him to his court, and placed him among his most chosen friends.

FROM 1775 TO 1787.

Goethe entered on a new scene of life, when, in consequence of an invitation from the Duke Charles

Augustus, he arrived at Weimar, the 1st of November, 1775. The following account may give a better insight into the circumstances in which he was now placed. The Duchess Amelia of Saxe Weimar was the model of every thing becoming a great princess: full of goodness and humanity—a distinguished patroness and encourager of arts and learning—possessed of many accomplishments, particularly, music and painting; her greatest relaxation from the cares of government was in the conversation of those, distinguished for genius and talent. She had a peculiar charm, by which she spread cheerfulness and content around her. Who has not heard of those delightful evening societies, in which every one was made happy, and contributed their share to the enjoyment of all? We can scarcely enumerate the distinguished persons who at that time lived at Weimar as their home. Goethe, Wieland, Herder, &c.; while no foreigner of distinction could leave it without the most grateful remembrance of the reception he experienced. The words of Goethe, in his tragedy of Tasso, might be well applied to this court:—

“ For Italy boasts no distinguished name
That has not been a guest within these walls.”

The Grand Duke, and Prince Constantine, took their share in the above-named circle. In winter, the Duchess Dowager lived in the palace at Weimar: the summer season was chiefly spent at the chateaux of Teifurt and Ettersburg. In these delightful spots, surrounded by the most beautiful scenery, fêtes and amusements succeeded each other. Goethe's drama of the Fisherwoman was acted on the banks of the Ylm, which wound through the park at Teifurt; and a comedy intitled "The Birds," was represented in a young beech wood at Ettersburg, in which a rural theatre was erected. The magic effect of the lamps through the trees, in the soft light of the evening, was long remembered with pleasure. In this park, there is yet remaining a fine beech-tree, on the bark of which many members of this well-chosen society have carved their names. The promiscuous order in which they are placed, proves that rank and station were not made the chief considerations. Surrounded by many joyous spirits of his own age, the young prince led a happy life at the commencement of his reign; but their pleasures did not degenerate into trifling amusements; from which, indeed, the dispositions of the princes themselves, and most

of their companions, was a guarantee; and in general they were improving, for Goethe was at their head. Whoever has known the poet in riper years, has witnessed his suavity and cheerfulness, and seen how amiable and devoid of pretence he was in society, how readily he entered into conversation, will easily imagine, what he must have been in his early days! How joyous, and full of spirit! Often, indeed, he would go out of the common path; and oftener still, did he give to what was common in itself, a magic glow, from the riches of his own mind and imagination. He every where experienced a friendly reception. Wieland writes to Mensel, September, 1775:—‘Goethe is the greatest genius, and the best and kindest hearted man that I know.’ Wieland also says, in another letter, addressed to Zimmerman, January 8th, 1776:—“I have now lived nine weeks *with* Goethe, and, I may say, (since our soul-united friendship, which became what it is unperceived and without effort), almost *in* him; he is in all respects one of the greatest, best, most excellent of human beings: I wish that every one could know, could appreciate him as I do.” In another letter, addressed to Jacobi, he says again:—“Oh, my beloved friend! what shall

I say of Goethe? He was the man after my own heart from the first moment I saw him: what affection did I not feel for him, when I sat for the first time at table by the side of this admirable young man!" In the year 1776, Goethe was received as one of the council of state. "I have not seen our friend," Wieland writes to Lavater, June the 22nd, 1776, "for above a week; he is now in the council of state, and in the ministry,—is indeed the favourite minister, the factotum,—and bears the sins of the world. He will do much good, will prevent much evil; and this must console us, if it be possible, for his being lost to the world as a poet, at least for some years." This fear was, however, unfounded. Erwin and Elmira, the Elegy on Mieding's Death, the Winter's Journey through the Harz Forest, and several other smaller pieces, were written about this period. Soon after his arrival at Weimar, his love for the stage induced him to set on foot an amateur theatre: the court undertook to pay the expenses of it. Their principal actress was Corona Schroeder, who, highly gifted by nature and improved by study, was the ornament, first of the amateur, and afterwards of the public stage at Weimar; and her loss, some years after,

was much lamented. Goethe acted in these plays; but his manner was thought somewhat stiff, and he seldom remembered correctly; yet he had such a talent for speaking extempore, that he was never at a loss, and often supplied the place of prompter to the other actors.

In 1779, he became one of the privy council; and the same year accompanied the princes in a journey to Switzerland. On his return, he gave himself up almost entirely to state business; and June the 11th, 1782, he was made president of the council, and raised to the rank of nobility. Nevertheless, though the circle of his occupations was so much extended, the kindness of his princely patrons allowed him sufficient leisure to cultivate his genius.

In August, 1786, he went to Carlsbad, from thence to proceed on his journey to Italy, which, from his youth up, he had so ardently desired to see, and which appears to have answered all the expectations he had formed of it.

On the 8th of September, 1786, he arrived at Venice. The following is an extract of one of his letters:—"I am well lodged not far from the market-place; my window looks on a small canal, between

high houses ; immediately under me there is a one-arched bridge, and opposite, a small, lively street. Here I reside, and here I shall remain some time, until my packet is ready for Germany, and until I have seen enough of this town. The solitude I have so often sighed after I can now fully enjoy, for nowhere are we more alone than in a crowd, through which we may pass wholly unknown." In another he says, "I have been now, for once, one of the lords of the Adriatic Sea, as every Venetian feels himself when he gets into his gondola. I thought much of my good father, who was never better pleased than in relating all these things to us ; will it not be the same with me ? Every thing that surrounds me bears the marks of a great and laudable work, performed by the united powers of many men. A glorious monument not of one governor, but of a whole people. And even though their dykes were gradually to be filled up, though their merchandise fail, though a noxious vapour were to spread itself over their marshes, though their power were to fall into decay, yet the whole plan of their republic, and their existence as a nation, would never cease for a moment to be venerable in the eyes of all who reflect on it : though it

may wear out with time, like every thing mortal." "I would not live here, or any where else," he says again, October the 12th 1786, "where I was unemployed; at present novelty gives me much occupation. Architecture seems to rise up before me like a ghost from the grave, and bids me study its rules as you do those of a dead language; not, indeed, to use them, but that I may by their aid be better able in my own mind to appreciate the existence of bygone ages. The days are now becoming shorter, and give me more time for reading and writing. How happy I find myself in perusing the old writers once again, for now I will acknowledge my folly and weakness. For several years past, I could not bear to read or even to look at a Latin author, so strongly did it bring the image of Italy to my mind."

The 14th of October, 1786, Goethe left Venice and travelled to Rome, passing through Ferrara, Cento, Bologna, and Citta Castellana. At Cento he was delighted with Guercino's pictures, and was particularly struck with the one which represents Christ risen and appearing to his mother. St. Cecilia, by Raphael, and St. Agatha, by Guido, both at Bologna, made the deepest impression on him. 'He

was at this time occupied in writing his tragedy of Iphigenia. He thus expresses himself:—

“I have studied well the picture of St. Agatha, by Guido, and wish to make my heroine say nothing which might not be spoken by this Saint.” The 1st November, 1786, Goethe reached Rome. “I am, at length,” he writes, “arrived at this capital of the world. I now see in reality before me all the dreams of my youth. What I remember as represented to me, in the first prints I ever saw, for the hall of my father’s house was hung round with pictures of Rome, and all that I have so long known in paintings, prints, and models, is now truly before my eyes. Wherever I go I find an old acquaintance in a new world, every thing is as I had represented it to myself, yet every thing is new. I may say the same of my reflections and ideas; I have had no thoughts altogether new, nothing has appeared strange to me, yet my own ideas are so differently turned, they are become so connected and as it were so much more alive, that they might pass for new.” About the year 1787, he finished the tragedy of Iphigenia, and almost immediately afterwards began that of Tasso. A short time before his departure from Rome, he

was a spectator of the carnival, of which he thus writes, February, 1787: "One need only see the carnival at Rome once, to lose for ever the wish of seeing it again; to describe it in writing is impossible, a verbal narration of it might perhaps be amusing."

He left Rome accompanied by Tieschbein, and passing through Velettri, Fondi, and St. Agatha, reached Naples, February 25th, 1787. He describes his residence there in a letter, dated the 26th February: "The sitting-room is beautifully ornamented, particularly the ceiling, the mosaic work of which reminds one that we are in the neighbourhood of Pompeii and Herculaneum; this would be all well and good, but then there is no fire-place, no chimney, and yet February is felt here as elsewhere; I do not quite like it, and should certainly have wished for more comfort." March the 6th, he went up Vesuvius with his friend Tieschbein; he also visited the most curious works of art in the environs of Naples; in particular, the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. He writes, March 16th, "Naples is a Paradise; every one lives in a kind of rapturous self-forgetfulness. It is so with me; I scarcely

know myself, and seem quite another person. In a fortnight I must decide whether I go to Sicily or not; one day something occurs to induce me to take this journey, and the next something against it. There are two contending spirits in me." He, however, took this excursion, and on his return to Naples, May 17th, 1787, wrote to Herder: "I have made my journey through Sicily easily and quickly: when I return, you will judge *how* I have seen it. Having formerly dwelt so much on these different scenes, gave me great facility in feeling and describing them; and I now find myself very happy to have all my high, picturesque, and romantic ideas of Sicily so clearly and plainly realised to my mind. The sea and the island have given me both enjoyment and suffering, and I return altogether well satisfied. Excuse me from all details till I see you again. Here, in Naples, there is no leisure for quiet reflection, and I shall describe this place better to you in person than by letter. On the 1st of June, I shall go to Rome, if I am not prevented by a higher Power; and the beginning of July, I hope to proceed on from thence. I must see you again as soon as possible. We shall have happy days together. In regard to Homer, it is as if a

bandage had been taken from my eyes; the descriptions, the comparisons, &c., which seemed to us only poetry, are nevertheless inexpressibly natural, but are described with a purity and depth of feeling with which we are astonished: even the most singular, the most romantic occurrences, have a simplicity in them, which I never fully felt until I was near the objects described; now, that I have all these coasts and promontories, islands and peninsulas, rocks and sand banks, woody hills, green meadows, hanging vines, towering mountains, and cheerful plains, rocks, and cliffs, and the sea surrounding all, with so many changes and varieties, present to my mind; now is the Odyssey indeed, for the first time, a living work to me."

The day of his departure from Naples was approaching. "I now," says he (the 3rd of July, 1787), "quit the unceasing bustling life of this incomparable city, which I shall probably never see again. I leave it half stunned, yet well pleased that I can look back at it without either regret or sorrow." It was thus that he left Italy, which had been an excellent school of improvement to his richly stored mind.

FROM 1787 TO 1798.

In the year 1787, the same in which Goethe returned from Italy, Schiller became an inhabitant of Saxe Weimar. The friendship which subsisted between these two great men is well known, and contributed much to the happiness and honour of both.

It was soon after Goethe's return to Weimar, that he completed his tragedy of Torquato Tasso, one of the finest of his dramatic productions; in which he gives an admirable picture of the great Italian poet, whose genius he could so well appreciate and describe.

In the year 1790, he again visited Italy, and at Venice met the Princess Amelia of Saxe Weimar, whom he accompanied on her return home. Two years afterwards, he followed the Grand Duke of Weimar in his campaign into Champagne; and the next year, was present at the siege of Mayence.

It was at this period that he received a letter from his mother, offering him (on the death of his uncle Textor) the place of member of the council in his native town, Frankfort. On this occasion, he thus expresses himself in a letter addressed to a friend:—
“Perhaps such a proposition could not have come at a more remarkable moment. A thousand images

presented themselves before me, and would hardly allow me to decide. During my last journey through Frankfort, I had seen my uncle in possession of his house, &c. There, in the midst of a friendly family circle, in the well-known unaltered spot, all the remembrances of my early days arose before me with fresh life. However, I could not long give myself up to these pleasing dreams of my youth, and it was impossible for me to accept the proposition.

“For twelve years, I have enjoyed a most uncommon happiness, that of possessing the confidence and indulgence of the Duke of Weimar. This highly gifted and accomplished prince has deigned to be pleased with my well-meant though often insufficient services ; and he gave me opportunities of developing myself, which would not have occurred in any other situation in my native country. My gratitude to him is altogether boundless, as well as my attachment to the noble princesses, his wife and mother, to his young family, and to a country to which I have rendered some services. And how could I do otherwise than remember, also, a distinguished and agreeable circle of friends, as well as many other home affections and blessings which have arisen out

of my constant steady residence here. All this I expressed with gratitude to my mother, who, indeed, hardly expected any other answer."

In November, 1792, he met his old friend, F. H. Jacobi, at Pempelfort, and spent many happy hours in his residence at that place, which might indeed be called a Paradise in summer, from its charming situation, and which was pleasant even in winter. Their days were spent chiefly out of doors, while the evenings passed in friendly conversation.

On his return to Weimar, he found a new and well-built house prepared for him by the kindness of his prince and benefactor, who had the attention to leave the furnishing to his own taste and direction. About this time, he composed his novel of Wilhelm Meister, and many of his most celebrated ballads.

FROM 1798 TO 1806.

The principal literary production of this period of Goethe's life, was his delightful poem of Herman and Dorothea. In this he gives a description of every day life in a middling station, full of truth in every feature, yet breathing such a charm

over the whole, as alone to prove how powerful and poetic must have been the mind, which could thus diffuse the glow of genius over the most ordinary scenes and common occurrences.

Herman and Dorothea is a master-piece, in a grand style. It is at once intelligible, patriotic, popular, warm from the heart; and a book full of golden rules of wisdom and virtue. In Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe, we read that in his latter days, the poet always regarded this production with peculiar satisfaction.

He also published, together with some of his friends, a periodical work entitled the Propyläen, which turned entirely on the fine arts, in all of which, particularly painting, he was a first-rate judge and connoisseur. And he gave to the public Winkelman and his Age, a work containing many of the letters of that distinguished artist.

The correspondence between Goethe and Schiller, during their respective absences from Weimar, was not the least important of their writings. For, in these letters we alike admire their talents, learning, and kindness of heart and disposition. Of these a few fragments have been given in the Life of Schiller,

which may convey some idea, however imperfect, of their excellence.

The year 1805 brought with it one of the most heartfelt afflictions that could befall him,—the death of Schiller, while still in the vigour of his genius and in the prime of life !

This was the first great loss which he sustained in friendship, but he was destined to feel many others :

Friend after friend departs ;

Who has not lost a friend ?

There is no union here of hearts

Which finds not here an end.

Were this frail world our final rest,

Living or dying none were blest."

MONTGOMERY.

FROM 1806 TO 1832.

The death of Schiller was followed by a period of the greatest affliction and distress. In the summer of 1806, the peaceful Weimar was struck by the thunderbolt of war. The quiet vale of the Ilm was filled with hostile French troops; and the danger approached every day nearer and nearer. The Princess Amelia left Tiefurt. The Duke and

Duchess of Saxe Weimar were obliged to seek refuge in foreign lands from the horrors of war. The night which followed the battle of Jena was the most fearful to the inhabitants of Weimar. The enemy's army came on them like a torrent on every side; and even flight became impossible.

Amidst the general confusion, Goethe received a striking proof of the estimation in which his genius was held by the French—the commanders of the enemy's troops ordered a special guard to be stationed round his house.

It was at this period of his life that Goethe, who perhaps felt more than at any other time the value of an attached friend, and who had remained single till his 57th year, married a lady whom he had known and highly esteemed for many years, the sister of Valpius, the librarian and counsellor of Saxe Weimar. When the storm of war past over, and calmer days returned to Saxe Weimar, he again resumed his literary pursuits; but it was not till the year 1811, that he undertook a relation of his own life, under the title of Poetry and Truth from my Life. This excellent work may be also considered as a history of the times in which he lived.

In the year 1813, Germany was freed from the yoke of the French dominion. Goethe partook in the joy caused by this event, with feelings of the warmest enthusiasm. It was on this occasion that he wrote *The Awakening of Epaminondas*.

In the autumn of 1814, he visited his native town, Frankfort. A journal of that time thus expresses itself:—

“After an absence of 17 years, the tranquillised Frankfort, (the ancient city of the coronation, which in his last work he has so highly celebrated), again receives within her walls, wherein he was born, the glory of Germany and her boast, the greatest of living poets—Goethe.”

He was received at the theatre with loud acclamations, and his principal dramatic work, *Tasso*, was performed in compliment to him. The same enthusiasm, or rather a still greater, was shewn on his birthday, the 28th August, in the year 1818, the day on which he reached his 70th year. It was celebrated at Frankfort by every kind of public rejoicing.

In the year 1825, he received an honour which must have been valued by him more than any he had yet experienced—the jubilee given by the Prince of Saxe Weimar, on the 50th anniversary

of the day on which Goethe first arrived at his court. This great poet had had the almost unparalleled happiness of continuing with the prince, to whom he had attached himself with heartfelt zeal, from the moment he was presented to him, for half a century. During all this period, he had faithfully served his benefactor, in prosperity and adversity, as a statesman, a poet, a counsellor,—in one word, as a friend in the highest sense of the term.

Their friendship reflects a glory on both the prince and poet, surpassing any other, for

“The world can boast of fewer friends than kings.”

COWLEY.

On this occasion, a medal was struck by order of the Duke of Saxe Weimar. One side represented the portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe Weimar: the other that of Goethe crowned with laurel. Round the medal were engraven these words:—

CHARLES AUGUSTUS AND LOUISA

TO GOETHE,

NOVEMBER 7, 1825.

The most flattering of all the honours received by him on this memorable day, was the expression

of the sentiments of his prince and benefactor, contained in the following words addressed to him in the Duke of Saxe Weimar's handwriting:—

“I justly look upon the day, in which you accepted my invitation and came to Weimar, as that on which you entered my service; for, from that very moment, you have never ceased to give me the most affectionate proofs of the most faithful attachment and friendship through the devotion of your extraordinary talents.

“It is, therefore, with the most lively pleasure that I celebrate this day as the jubilee of the first servant of my state, of the friend of my youth, who has accompanied me up to this time, through all the changes of life, with unalterable fidelity, affection, and constancy; to whose disinterested advice, lively sympathy, and ever ready service, I attribute the happy success of the most important undertakings; and I esteem having gained such a friend for ever, as one of the highest ornaments of my reign.”

An English traveller, who visited Goethe in 1827, gives the following description of his appearance at that time:—

“Goethe,” says he, “is now 78 years old, but

seems still as young and powerful as a man of 40. His eye, not in the least clouded by age, is lively and piercing; indeed, the brightest and most expressive I have ever beheld. His forehead is broad, but not high, his nose sharp; but the deep furrows on his brow and cheeks tell of many a winter's tale; and his whole deportment shews a man who has lived in the atmosphere of a court."—*See Doering's Life of Goethe**.

In this year, 1827, Goethe received a copy of Manzoni's celebrated romance: *I promessi Sposi*—The Betrothed of Milan. In Eckermann's Conversations, we read that he thus expressed himself in speaking of it:—

“Manzoni's romance surpasses every thing that we know of the kind. I can only say, that, as to the spirit of it, all that proceeds from the soul of the poet is perfect; and, as regards the outward adorning, the locality, description, &c., they are not in the least inferior. The impression it makes on the mind is, alternately to affect and to astonish it. I think nothing can be carried further. This

* This sketch was extracted from Doering's *Life of Goethe*; but as that does not extend to his death, the few remaining particulars have been taken from Eckermann's *Conversations*.

romance shews what Manzoni really is. There is a clearness in the conduct and management of the different characters like an Italian sky itself*."

Towards the close of his life, he was destined to sustain one of the deepest afflictions that could befall him—the loss of his friend and benefactor, the Duke of Saxe Weimar,—who died 1828, on his way from Berlin to Weimar; where he was buried near the great Schiller. In Eckermann's Conversations, he gives the following account of an interview with our poet on the evening of the day in which he received the fatal news. "I saw Goethe late in the evening. Before I entered the room, I heard him sigh and speak aloud to himself. He seemed to feel that there was a void in his life, never to be filled up. He refused all comfort, nor would he listen to any. 'I had hoped,' said he, 'that I should go before him; but God directs it as he sees best, and we poor mortals can do nothing better than submit, and bear up as well and as long as we are called upon to do so.'"

* The pleasure the translator has derived from the perusal of this work, "*I promessi Sposi*," is such, that she rejoices to find how highly it was appreciated by Goethe. It has, indeed, a charm beyond description.

The following account of his latter days, is given in the German Encyclopædia, or Conversations Lexicon.

“ After the death of the Duke Charles Augustus, in the year 1828, Goethe lived retired from state affairs, by turns in Jena, Weimar, and Darnberg, blessed with the most cheerful old age, and possessed of the esteem of all Europe, besides the pleasures derived from the study of nature, and his literary pursuits, until the day of his death, which took place at Weimar, March the 22nd, 1833.”

His bust, by the French sculptor David, is placed next that of Schiller, in the Public Library at Weimar.

“ Their names belong to Germany, to Europe, to the world.

LINES ON GOETHE'S BIRTHDAY, 1829.

BY W. A. SCHLEGEL.

THERE was a spring, as former bards relate,
 Which had a magic power fresh youth to bring,
 Though bent with weight of years and various fate.
 No sooner did the ag'd Man taste that spring,
 Than all the vigour of his youth return'd ;
 With joy and life his heart within him burn'd :
 There Tithon felt young love's returning glow,
 While youth's bright locks around his temples flow
 Think not, this saying is an idle dream ;
 'Tis true, e'en now, as 'twas in former days,
 'Tis Poetry, that life-inspiring stream,
 Gilding all nature with reflected rays.
 She calls each long-departed, lost delight ;
 Each glowing hope, each heavenly prospect bright
 Who of this gift divine is once possess'd,
 Unfading youth still springs within his breast.

And such art thou, oh, Goethe, Heaven-inspired!

The Muses' favourite in our age and land,—

Thou messenger of light; thy soul is fired:

The trumpet, harp, and flute, obey thy hand.

What bays do not thy glorious head adorn!

Bright shone the morning rays when thou wert born:

Thy youth like Tithon's is returned once more;

Aurora loves thee, and can ne'er deplore.

Like that fair tree, Pomona's favourite plant,

Whose golden apples with sweet nectar bend;

Where brightest flowers, on darkest foliage flaunt,

And buds and fruit through ev'ry season blend;

Breathing out sweetness from a fairer clime—

The tranquil valleys of the happy isle:

So he, the Poet of our father-land,

Receiv'd this branch, fresh from the Muses' hand.

Planted by him, it waves from Alpine heights

E'en to the Baltic ocean's furthest bounds;

And far and wide his glorious name invites,

Full many a stranger, who his praise resounds;

And many a voice is heard from east and west,

Imploring Heaven that he be ever blest:

He to his country gave eternal fame,—

That country, ever, will revere his name.

I THINK OF THEE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

I THINK of thee, when first the orb of day
From ocean beams;
And when the Moon sheds forth its milder ray
O'er silv'ry streams.

When mine eye gazes o'er the gayest crowds,
Thy form is there;
In deepest midnight hour, through darkest clouds,
Thou hoverest near.

I hear thy voice, when by the sea-beat shore
The wild storm lowers;
And when the labours of the day are o'er,
In greenwood bowers.

Thou'rt still with me, though distant ne'er so far,
To me thou'rt near;
The Sun has sunk, bright shines the evening star.
Oh, wert thou here!

THE KING IN FURTHEST NORTH.

A BALLAD.

IN furthest North a monarch dwelt,
Faithful unto the grave,
To whom his love in life's last hour
A golden goblet gave.

And high he prized this last bequest,
Naught was to him more dear;
He drank thereout at every meal—
Never without a tear.

And when the day of death drew nigh
His towns, his wide domains,
He left them all unto his heirs;
The goblet still retains.

He gave a last, a princely feast,
His nobles by his side,
At the old castle of his sires,
Close to the ocean's tide.

The aged Monarch then to all
A parting blessing gave;
The sacred goblet then he seized
And threw it in the wave.

He saw it sink,—he saw it rise,—
Then vanish in the main;
His faithful eyes soon closed in death,—
He never drank again.

A CALM AT SEA.

O'ER the surface of the ocean,
Deepest stillness seems to reign :
Not a single wave in motion
On the smooth spread wat'ry plain.

Not e'en gentlest breezes blowing,
Over the unruffled deep:
The sea's bright waves seem scarcely flowing,
Wind and water hush'd in sleep.

A HAPPY SEA VOYAGE.

THE dark clouds they vanish,
The heaven is clear,
And soft zephyrs banish,
The calm all around.
Again the winds are blowing,
Again the waters flowing.
The waves divide with welcome sound,
The sailor's heart to cheer :
It meets us now, the distant strand.
All hail! All hail! We see the land.

ON DEATH.

DEATH is not held a terror by the wise;
Nor do the pious view it as their end.
The one, thro' this remembrance learn to act;
The other, it supports in trouble's hour,
With hope of future welfare. And to both,
The end of death is life.
Let the young man view with respect old age;
And let the old man joy to see the young:
Let all rejoice in the eternal course
Marked out by Heaven; for life still tends to life.

From Herman and Dorothea.

A TRAVELLER'S SONG IN THE NIGHT.

GENTLE Peace! by Heaven conceded,
Calmer of our grief and woe,
Who on all when doubly needed,
Doubly dost thy gifts bestow.
Ah! my road is lone and dreary,
Long I seek in vain for rest,
With labour, e'en with pleasure weary,
Oh, come and soothe this anxious breast !

ON THE SAME.

ON the loftiest mountain's brows

All is peace:

O'er the forest's highest boughs

The winds cease.

Scarce can we hear a breeze ;

The birds are silent in the trees.

All is still at evening's close,—

Grant, oh ! grant me, like repose.

ON TEARS; OR, THE PLEASURE OF MELANCHOLY.

OH! dry them not, those tears of grief,
They give the wounded heart relief!
Unto the eye half dimmed with tears,
How sad, how cold the world appears!
Affection's tears! Oh! let them flow,
They cheer our hearts, and soothe our woe.

ON SOLITUDE.

YE sylvan Nymphs, in rocks and trees that dwell,
Oh, grant each suppliant what he needeth most!
Give peace and comfort to the wounded mind.
Give to the doubting soul the light of truth,
And to affection's heart a just return;
For unto you the Gods have given a power,
Which they have seldom granted to mankind,
To soothe and raise the heart which trusts in you.

I have only ventured to give some of Goethe's short pieces, and I am fully aware how far my translations fall short of the spirit of the original. These observations apply to all my attempts. They are merely short extracts from the different authors, and feeble specimens of their beauties. They are desultory, being done only for amusement; yet, as they comprise (though in an humble work) the five principal languages of Europe, it is hoped they may be of some interest to those who wish to employ their leisure in the study of Foreign literature.

SCHLEGEL.

BORN SEPT. 8, 1767.

“ W. Schlegel gave a course of dramatic literature at Vienna.
 “ In his hands, this is not a mere list of the names and works of the different authors. The spirit of each writer is seized with the imagination of a poet. In a few pages, we enjoy the labours of a whole life. Every judgment he gives, every epithet that he bestows, on the writers of whom he is speaking, is fine and appropriate, exact and animated.”—
Madame de Staël, Allemagne, chap. 31.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS SCHLEGEL, the celebrated German philologist, was born at Hanover, 8th of September, 1767. His father, who was Superintendent-general of the principality of Lunenburg, gave him a distinguished education at the University of Gottingen, where he at first devoted himself to theology; but, becoming intimately acquainted with the poet Bürger, he was soon inspired with his taste; and cultivated poetry and general literature. He became a member of the philological

seminary under the celebrated Heyne; and published a Latin dissertation on the geography of Homer, which ranked him among the learned men of Germany. The reputation he had gained, induced a rich banker of Amsterdam, named Mulman, to engage him to superintend the education of his children. After an absence of three years, William Schlegel returned to Germany; and was chosen by Schiller as his co-operator. He (Schlegel) soon published some fragments of a translation of Dante, which would alone have sufficed to give him celebrity, had not the Author surpassed himself in the translation of Shakspeare's Plays. Never did a copy so nearly resemble the original. He succeeded equally well in his translation of Calderon's Spanish Theatre: an undertaking, perhaps, still more difficult. After having been Professor for some years at Jena, Schlegel went to Berlin, where he carried on a violent contest in writing with Kotzebue. It was in this city that he became acquainted with Madame de Staël, who so approved of his principles in philosophy and attainments in literature, that she invited him to Copet in 1805. He afterwards accompanied her in her travels through Italy, Austria, France, Sweden, &c.; and celebrated her in an Elegy entitled Rome. At the end of 1810,

he voluntarily shared her exile; and, at the same time, devoted himself to politics. In 1812, he published the most spirited writings, both in German and French, to prove to all Europe, that the wild expedition to Moscow had hastened the hour of their deliverance. He followed the Prince Royal of Sweden (with whom he became acquainted at Stockholm) to the army as his secretary, and returned to Copet after the fall of Napoleon. Since this period, Schlegel has published an historical and philosophical account of M. Necker: a dissertation on the group of Niobe, (which is inserted in the Universal Library at Geneva): an historical account of John of Fiesole, (a Florentine painter of the fifteenth century); and, lastly, observations on the language and literature of the Troubadours, or ancient Provençal poets.

In the month of August, 1818, M. Schlegel was recalled to Berlin, to accept a professorship of philosophy in that city. It will, perhaps, be interesting to the reader, to read the judgment which Madame de Staël has formed of this author. If, on the one hand, it may be feared that friendship has dictated her eulogium; it must be considered, on the other, that no one in France was so capable of appreciating this learned German.

“M. W. A. Schlegel” (says she, in her work on Germany,) “possesses such acquirements in literature, that they may be considered extraordinary, even in his country. He excels in comparing different languages and different styles of poetry with each other. In his course of dramatic literature, he has found the art of speaking of the masterpieces of poetry, as you would of the wonders of nature; and he represents them in the most lively colours, without departing from the most scrupulous exactness. He has no equal in the art of inspiring a feeling of enthusiasm for the great Authors whom he admires. His manner of speaking of poetry may be compared to that of Winkelman, when he describes statues; and it is in this way only that the profession of a critic is honourable. Every one who understands any thing of an art, is able to point out the faults which are to be avoided; but there is nothing which so nearly approaches genius itself as the power of feeling and admiring it.”

FREDERIC SCHLEGEL, the brother of W. A. Schlegel, was equally celebrated for literature; and

was remarkable for his learning, and the depth of his researches into antiquity. Madame de Staël mentions him in her work on Germany, and has done as much justice to his talents as to those of his elder brother.—*Biographie Etrangère.*

ETERNITY*.

THE fruits will fall, the roses fade,
Whose blossoms once our fields arrayed;
But, still through every change we view,
The Heaven retains its azure blue;
And the swift passing clouds, they trace
No mark on its unaltered face.
So, on this earth, the varying scene
Is now disturb'd, and now serene:
For earthly joys, e'en genius' ray,
It but springs up to pass away;
While the eternal Light of Truth,
Will still shine forth in endless youth;
And the fair tree of hope divine
Grows stronger by the wreck of time.
A love unto our hearts is given,
Which lifts us to a home in heaven:
In God's own kingdom, there alone,
All death, all change, will be unknown;
And never can eternal Faith divine
Become the sport of earthly passing time.

* These two translations are from Frederick Schlegel.

DEVOTION*.

FAR off be Vanity and Self-deceit,
If you would read that Book with reverence meet;
Where all the power of Truth unto the heart,
Can a new world of Charity impart:
With holy awe, as at God's altar kneel,
If you would those inspired poems feel,
Which can from all our worldly cares and strife,
Exalt our minds to an eternal life.
'Tis Faith alone, Devotion's spring can find;
And Truth reveals itself but to the humble mind.

* "Frederick Schlegel is one of the celebrated men of Germany, who possess the most native talent, yet, far from trusting entirely to his original genius, which would have alone secured him success, he has aided it by the most extensive attainments."—*Madame de Staël, Allemagne, Chapitre 31.*

REVIEWS

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HERDER.

BORN AUGUST 26, 1744.

“ A man of so sincere a mind as Herder, naturally mixed religion with all his thoughts, and all his thoughts with religion.

“ Herder’s powers of conversation were, it is said, admirable, and in his writings we feel that it must have been so. We feel, also, what all his friends attest, that there never was a better man. When a literary talent can inspire those who do not even know us, with an affection for us, it is, surely, of all the gifts of Heaven here below, the most valuable, and that from which we may reap the most heartfelt gratifications.”—*Madame de Staël, Allemagne, chap. 30.*

JOHN GODFREY HERDER, one of the most original writers of Germany, was born August the 26th, 1744, at Morungen, a small town in West Prussia, where his father was assistant schoolmaster. The young Herder was not favoured either by education or circumstances; but his happy genius developed itself solely through its own unassisted powers. The

Bible and Psalms were the only books allowed him by his father; but an insatiable thirst after knowledge, soon made him seek after other resources. All the books he could procure, he read in secret; and poverty might have crushed his rising talents, when, fortunately, the clergyman of the place, (whose name was Trescho), observing that he wrote a fine hand, took him into his house as a writer; and having soon opportunities of discovering his distinguished qualities, both of heart and mind, resolved to give him means of cultivating them, and allowed him to take a share in the lessons of Greek and Latin which he gave his own sons. Herder, through native ardour, unconquered by any obstacle, soon made remarkable progress. About this time, he was attacked by a complaint in one of his eyes, which became the means of making him acquainted with a Russian surgeon, residing in Trescho's house; who, being much pleased with Herder's fine capacity and excellent conduct, offered to take him to Koninsberg and Petersburg, there to instruct him in surgery free of expense. Having then no prospect of pursuing his favourite studies, Herder accepted this proposition, and left his native town in 1762; but at Koninsberg, being present at a dissection,

he fainted away: therefore, giving up the study of medicine, he determined on pursuing theology; and having already made friends who knew how to value his talents, they procured him a place in Frederick's College, where he was first superintendent of some of the scholars, and afterwards obtained the appointment of teacher of philosophy in the first class, and of Latin in the second. Thus circumstanced, he had time for his own improvement, and devoted himself to theology, with that true spirit and elevated turn of mind, by which he afterwards succeeded in promoting a reform in it. Animated by the noblest ardour for knowledge and information, he was ever endeavouring to enlarge the circle of his acquirements; for this purpose he explored the depths of philosophy and natural history with the most persevering zeal; and was never weary of seeking out the endless paths of history, languages*, &c. As a bee flies from flower to flower, so Herder hastened from one branch of knowledge to another, and extracted the purest honey from them all. In the year 1765, he received an appointment as head master of the prebendary school at Riga, to which place the office of preacher was also annexed. In

* Herder was acquainted with every language.—*Madame de Staël, Allemagne, Chapitre 30.*

this double employment, he was blessed with the most complete success. Both scholars and hearers were enthusiastic in their commendations of him: the manner in which he taught his pupils, at once roused, instructed, and encouraged their minds. As a preacher he spoke so powerfully, with such evangelical zeal, at the same time with so much simplicity, earnestness, and unsophisticated truth, that he carried all hearts with him; and gained such universal approbation, that it was resolved to build a larger church for him.

In the year 1768, he was offered the superintendence of St. Peter's school, at Petersburg; yet he not only refused this appointment, but even laid aside his employment at Riga, impelled by a great desire to see the world, to study men on the great theatre of life, and arts and learning at the fountain head. He first of all went to France, where he made himself well acquainted with the language; and was soon chosen to accompany the young prince of Holstein Cutin through France and Italy; unfortunately, he could not reap all the advantages from this position, which he had promised himself. His complaint in the eye, which had become much aggravated, detained him at Strasburg, where he became known to Goethe; and formed that friendship with him,

which continued through life; and which was so happy in its effects, that the influence of it on German literature is felt even to this day. Herder had by this time obtained a considerable reputation as a writer; and through his Fragments and other works, had placed himself on a level with the most distinguished men of the day.

While at Strasburg, he received an offer, which he accepted, of the place of court preacher, &c., at Buckeburg. In this situation, he soon made his name famous amongst the number of first-rate theologians; and in 1775, he had the offer of becoming professor at Göttingen: the conditions annexed to this proposition were not pleasing to him; but having, during his residence at Buckeburg, engaged himself to an amiable and accomplished woman, he had hardly a choice left. The day of decision at length came; but his good genius was not far off, for, on that very day he received (in consequence of his friendship with Goethe) the appointment of court preacher at Weimar*. If there was a place in the world entirely congenial to Herder, in which all the riches of his mind could unfold themselves, it was Weimar, under the govern-

* One of the greatest qualities which distinguished Goethe, seems to have been, the pleasure he had in encouraging the rising genius of others.

ment of Amelia and Charles Augustus. He could there not only be undisturbed in his pursuits, but encouraged and aided in them. The rich harvest of his genius was here fully ripened; and Weimar will long remember with gratitude the happy effects of his talents, as a preacher of the Gospel, superintendent of the schools, a promoter of learning, and the founder of many excellent institutions. If Weimar may justly be called the Athens of Germany, this great author had his full share in it; for he shone as a star of the first order in that hemisphere. Beloved and honoured by one of the noblest and most distinguished of princely families, he received reiterated proofs of their high sense of his services and worth. In 1783, he was made vice-president, and in 1801, president of the head ecclesiastical court: an honour which no commoner had before attained. Soon after, he was raised to the rank of nobility by the Prince Elector of Bavaria, a distinction which must have been peculiarly acceptable to him, from former family recollections.

Thus Herder lived and acted, till, on the 18th of December, 1803, the hand of death cut short his most useful life and example; yet the blessed influence of his great mind still continues, though the grave has closed over him. He has left us the most valuable

of legacies in his writings, and by them has raised an imperishable monument to himself.

The newest selection of his works has been published by Cotta at Tübingen, in 1805, and is classed in several divisions; writings on literature and the fine arts, on religion and theology, on philosophy and history. It is easy to perceive at once the universality of the man, who for more than forty years has laboured amongst us, with the most unceasing zeal, as a philosopher, an historian, a theologian, a poet, and a translator. Herder's masterpiece is a work on the Philosophy of History.

Herder had a powerful mind, and he always devoted his extraordinary faculties to the service of humanity. It is as a benefactor of mankind that he still speaks to us in the unfading monuments of his genius. In his works, he breathes into our minds a feeling of enthusiasm for all that is good and noble, awakens all the best sentiments of the heart, and directs them to a worthy end. In the year 1819, the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar erected a monument over Herder's grave; with this short and expressive inscription:—

LICHT, LIEBE, LEBEN.

LIGHT, LOVE, LIFE.

Real Encyclopädie.

THE SONG OF LIFE.

THE flowing wave, the passing wind,
Is not so swift as time ;
Who can the fleeting moments bind ;
Or stay the passing chime ?
O'er minutes past we have no power,
But we may use the present hour :
Our life is but a transient day,
Let us strew roses in its way

Yes, roses ! E'en in life's decline,
When winter spreads around,
In ev'ry state, in ev'ry clime,
Some pleasures may be found :
If well we use youth's transient day,
They grow, they bloom, on ev'ry spray ;
And all are blest who close their course,
Free from the pangs of keen remorse.

For well-spent days become a wreath
To bind the brow of age ;
Youth's joys once more around us breathe
While higher hopes engage :
E'en faded flowers shall send forth balm,
Our hearts to cheer, our minds to calm ;
Till gentlest zephyrs waft us o'er,
From hence unto a heavenly shore.

THE HEAVENS.

DARKNESS and clouds oft veil the skies ;
Thunders and lightnings then arise,
Or drops of rain descend.
Dark clouds will often veil the soul,
Fierce passions rage without control,
Or tears the mind unbend.

From passions dark thy soul secure;
So may thy thoughts serene and pure
 To Heaven itself ascend.
So teach thy feelings to obey
Thy reason's voice, thy conscience sway
 That they may meekly bend.

KÖRNER.

BORN SEPTEMBER 23, 1791.

“ How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than fancy's feet have ever trod.”

Collins.

THEODORE KÖRNER, whose early talents and patriotic death have rendered his memory dear to Germany, was born at Dresden, September 23rd, 1791.

His father was at that time member of the Court of Appeal; and his mother was the daughter of the celebrated engraver, Stock, of Leipsic. He was carefully educated in his father's house, and (without belonging to the number of those children who gratify the vanity of their parents by being early

prodigies) he shewed even in childhood a talent for poetry, in which he delighted to try his powers, and which he afterwards carried to such perfection; he also pursued the study of history, of mathematics and chemistry, and possessed in a high degree the accomplishments of drawing, music, dancing, riding, and every kind of manly exercise; he was above all distinguished, from his earliest years, by a feeling heart, a steadiness of purpose, a faithful attachment to those who had once won his affections, and great warmth of imagination. Schiller and Goethe were the friends of Körner's father, who knew how to appreciate their sublime genius; and Schiller's ballads were, probably, the first poetry that young Körner read. His talents were at first shewn rather in light than serious productions; but as his genius more fully developed itself, he displayed in all his writings a reflecting mind and deep turn of thought. In the year 1808, he was placed at the Academy of Freiberg, (where the science of mining was taught), as a preparation to becoming a director of the mines, in which profession many of the studies to which he was most inclined were required. Two years afterwards he went to Leipsic and Berlin, to complete his

education ; but his residence in Vienna, which began in the year 1811, had the greatest effect on his future destiny. His first essays in dramatic writing were received on that theatre, not only with approbation, but applause. His fame as a poet became established ; while his amiable and social qualities gained him universal favour and esteem. He received the appointment of theatrical poet to the Court ; which was offered him solely through his own merits, unassisted by any efforts to attract notice or favour. At Vienna, also, he formed an engagement with a young lady, in all respects worthy of him. Every thing seemed to promise him success to the utmost of his own, or his friends' wishes, when, in the year 1813, Germany took up arms against the French, to regain their national independence ; and no consideration could prevent Körner from joining the troops of volunteers who rose on every side in defence of their country. He thus expresses himself in a letter to his father :—
“Germany is in arms ; the Prussian eagle has in its daring flight awakened the glorious hope of freedom in every honest heart : all the powers of my mind yearn towards my country : let me prove worthy of being called her son. Shall I, like a coward, only

sing forth my congratulations to my victorious countrymen? I know you will suffer many uneasy moments on my account. My mother will weep. God comfort her! I cannot spare her this anxiety. To venture life is not much; but to venture it at the very moment when it is adorned with the flowers of love, friendship, and joy; above all, to throw away the delightful feeling of never having caused you pain or uneasiness; this is, I own, a sacrifice which can only be compensated by the glorious reward now before us." Theodore Körner left Vienna, March 15th, 1813, and entered the regiment of volunteers under Lutzou, on the 19th of the same month; a few days afterwards, the Lutzouischen corps of volunteers received their solemn blessing in a country church, not far from Zobten. The following passage in Körner's letter describes the ceremony:—"After the hymn was sung, the minister of the place held a powerful and affecting discourse; there was not a dry eye in the troop. He caused us to take an oath to spare neither life nor possessions in the cause of humanity, of our country, and of religion; but to go joyfully either to victory or to death: we swore it. He then fell on his knees and implored the blessing of God on his

warriors. Oh! it was indeed a moment in which devotion to the good cause, even to death, inflamed every breast; and in which every heart beat with heroic feelings. The war oath, sworn on the officers' swords, given in an imposing manner, and repeated by all, with the anthem 'Our God is a strong fortress,' closed this glorious ceremony." Körner, during his short military career, won the esteem and affection of both superiors and companions, by his ardour in the cause of his country, for which he was ready to encounter every danger, and bear every fatigue, as well as by the cheerful and animating turn of his temper. His poetical talents were now dedicated to encourage his countrymen in their patriotism; and many of his most inspired effusions were written at this period. In the beginning of July, he received so severe a wound at the village of Kitzen, near Leipsic, that he was obliged to retire to Carlsbad for about a month, when, early in August, he again eagerly joined the army in which he was soon destined to find a premature, but glorious death. Early on the morning of the 26th of August, he composed his celebrated sword song, which he read to one of his companions while on the field of battle, (at Gadebusch, near Rosenberg), before

the attack began; and on the same day, while following up a party of the French who were retreating, he was shot by a musket fired from an ambuscade, and so mortally wounded, that he never spoke afterwards. His friends gathered round him, and he was gently conveyed to a neighbouring wood, where he was skilfully and carefully attended; but, alas! all human aid was vain. Körner was buried under an oak, in the village of Wobbelin, near Luwigslust: his obsequies were attended with every martial honour, and with the most distinguished tokens of esteem and affection from his companions.

The oak and the field around it were generously presented to Körner's father by the reigning prince of Mecklenberg Schwerin: the burial ground is now inclosed, planted, and adorned with a cast-iron monument. Here also repose the mortal remains of the only sister of the deceased: overwhelmed with grief for the loss of her beloved brother, she faded silently away; and had but just completed his picture from memory, and a drawing of his tomb, when she also shared its silent rest.—*See Life prefixed to his original works.*

None can refrain from lamenting the untimely fate of this young poet and patriot, glorious as it

was; since his genius, which had already shone so brightly, might have been a splendid and pre-eminent glory to his country and to the world in general, while his *private virtues* would have adorned any sphere of life, and made him not only the boast, but the happiness of his family and friends.

REMEMBRANCE AND REFLECTIONS.

Lo ! the moon is softly beaming
In the evening's silent hour,
And its silver light is gleaming
Thro' the dark foliage of the bower.

Now the scenes of day are closing,
The clouds obscure the azure bright ;
The wide spread landscape is reposing,
Waiting for the calm of night.

Th' Æolian harp's melodious measures
Awaken in the evening wind ;
So lost delights and former pleasures
Arise spontaneous o'er my mind.

And art thou then gone by for ever,
My paradise of youthful years ?
The hopes that cheered, I see them never,
Their voice still sounds within my ears.

By their powerful words they waken
My soul from its accustomed rest ;
And as by heavenly music shaken,
I feel them rise within my breast.

Visions they were—yet still have power
To raise my soul—to fill my mind :
I seek them in the lonely hour,
But, ah ! in vain—I cannot find.

Unto this world of many changes,
Ideal bliss does not belong ;
We see it but when fancy ranges,
Or hear it in the poet's song.

Hopes which here may never bless me,
Fancy's power may yet restore ;
May cheer when worldly griefs oppress me,
And stay with me till life is o'er.

TO THE EDITOR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities.

Very respectfully,
J. H. HARRIS, M.D.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Enclosed for you are the following items:

To the Editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association:

I am sorry to hear that you are unable to attend the meeting.

Very truly yours,
J. H. HARRIS, M.D.

CHICAGO, ILL.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

MATTHISSON.

BORN 1761.

“Matthisson has given to descriptive poetry, which was often too vague, the character of a picture, as striking from its brilliant colouring as it is from its exact resemblance.”—*Madame de Staël, Allemagne, chap. 13.*

FREDERICK VON MATTHISSON was born at Hohen-dodeleben, near Magdeburg, in the year 1761. His father died a few weeks before his birth, and he was brought up till the age of fourteen by his grandfather, a country clergyman. He then attended the school of Klosterbergen, and studied theology at the university of Halle. To this pursuit he soon added those of philology, natural history, and general literature.

He became a teacher at the institution for education at Dessau, and afterwards preceptor to some young men of good family, with whom he resided

at Heidelberg, and Manheim. He then spent two years with his friend Bonstetten, at Nyon, on the banks of the Lake Lemman. In the year 1794, he was appointed reader to the reigning Princess of Anhalt Dessau; and accompanied her to Rome and Naples.

In the year 1809, he entered the service of the King of Wirtemberg, who nominated him one of his privy counsellors, &c., and bestowed on him a diploma of nobility. Matthisson has become a great favourite with the public as a lyric poet: he has also appeared as a prose writer in his Letters and his Recollections. Both works are full of interesting details, relating to the different places and scenes which the author has visited, and contain very spirited descriptions of many celebrated men with whom he was acquainted. These Letters display throughout an elevated mind; and are written in so easy and unaffected a style, that they please and amuse universally.—*See Real Encyclopädie.*

Wieland says—"Nature and the Muses have endowed Matthisson with the happiest of all fairy gifts—that of interesting his readers in every circumstance he describes, as well as in every

thought, wish, sentiment, and imagination, which arise in his mind. He imparts the feelings of his own heart so directly to those of others, in the most harmonious poetry, that he never fails to gain as many friends as he has readers."—*Wieland's Deutsch Mercur*, 1790.

Schiller also gives the following opinion of the same writer:—"Friendship, affection, feelings of religion, remembrances of the days of childhood, the happiness of a country life, and topics of this kind, form the principal subjects of his poems: in a word, the quiet and unpretending enjoyments which belong to, or are closely connected with, rural scenes. The characteristic of his muse is a gentle melancholy, and a certain contemplative enthusiasm, to which solitude and the beauties of nature so easily lead those possessed of deep feelings.

"A familiar acquaintance with these, as well as with the best classical models, has formed his mind, purified his taste, and preserved his native simplicity in all its grace. A genuine and cheerful benevolence animates all his poetry, and the beauteous images of nature are as truly reflected in the serene purity of his mind, as they are on the surface of a clear and

waving water*.”—*Schiller's Kleinere Prosaische Schriften.*

* It may, perhaps, not be uninteresting to observe, that Matthisson appears to have been a particular admirer of our delightful poet Gray, whom he resembles in style and sentiment.

I trust he still lives to be an ornament both to his own country and to literature in general.

LINES ADDRESSED TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

Secca e la vena dell' usato ingegno
E la cetera mia rivolta in pianto.

Petrarch, Son. 24.

THE sun has sunk that shone so bright;
The moon sheds forth its milder light;
The golden stars in even dance,
Glitter in æther's wide expanse.

The glorious sun so dazzling bright,
The moon's more soft and milder light,
The azure vault of heaven no more
Can teach this wounded heart to soar.

The meads are bright, the forests green,
Harmonious warblers cheer the scene;
The sparkling stream at close of day,
Reflects the sun's declining ray.

The blooming meads, the forests green,
The beauties of the rural scene,
The silv'ry stream, the birds' soft lays,
No more, as once, my soul can raise.

Oh, bitter pang! Oh, grief of heart!
When from our youth's loved friend we part,
Not more the labourer can deplore,
When thunders rend his harvest store.

ON A LADY PRAYING.

“ Il faut prier—car alors on n'est plus seul.”

Madame de Staël.

WHILE Laura prays, angels their harps resound,
Speaking soft music to her wounded mind:
Her sighs mount up to Heaven with gentle sound,
Like Abel's offering, and acceptance find.

Lo! as she kneels, all pure devotion feeling,
(Not Raffaele's touch can such expression shed):
All earthly grief is lost in heavenly feeling,
Celestial glories all around her spread.

Lo! as she prays, soft breezes round her wave;
Heaven seems to open to her upraised sight;
Her thoughts already soar beyond the grave,
And view the realms of light.

So full of meek submission, heavenly love;
So filled her soul with pure devotion's ray:
It is to catch a glimpse of heaven above,
To see this angel pray*.

* The original of these lines was a great favourite with Louisa, the amiable Queen of Prussia, who preferred it to any of Matthisson's compositions. It was set to music at her desire.

UHLAND.

BORN 1787.

LOUIS UHLAND was born at Tubingen, 1787. His poems are distinguished by the noblest simplicity, free from the least tinge of mannerism; and bear the character of truth and depth of feeling. They all shew him to be a man of genius, who, inspired by the love of his country, and of freedom, sets aside all the aids of foreign ornament, or the idle fashion of the day, and with a firm hand directs the rudder of taste and literature to its true end. He has essayed his powers in almost every kind of poetry; but in none does he excel more than in romances and ballads. It may be asserted, that no German poet of any age has succeeded better in touching the inmost feelings of the heart. Uhland now resides at Stutgardt.—*Meyer's German Cabinet Encyclopædia*, 1830.

THE BEGGAR'S HYMN.

A CHILD of Poverty am I,
And wander forth alone;
Yet I, too, in my earlier days,
A happier fate have known.

Once in my cherished parent's house
Was I a happy child;
But since they died, the world to me
Has been a dreary wild.

Proud palaces around me rise,
Bright gardens round me bloom;
But all my days of lonely life
Dire care and want consume.

Yet to the poorest here below,
Some comfort still is left;
A God of mercy will not leave
One heart of joy bereft.

My wandering footsteps still may find
Thine holy house of prayer:
The organ and the chorus song
Still charm my lonely ear.

The sun, the moon, the golden stars,
Still brightly shine on me;
And when I hear the vesper bell,
I raise my thoughts to Thee.

When earthly joys and griefs are o'er,
And done this toilsome race,
May I, too, in yon heavenly realm,
Obtain a resting place.

THE DYING HEROES.

“Hinauf—Hinauf—Die Erde flieht zurück
Kurz ist der Schmerz, und ewig ist die Freude.”

Schiller Yungfrau von Orleans.

“Happy are they who fell in their youth, in the midst of
their renown. They have not beheld the tombs of their
friends, or failed to bend the bow of their strength.”—*Poems
of Ossian.*

THE Danish sword had driven Sweden's host

To their bleak coast:

The fight was o'er; but in the moon's pale beam

Bright fragments gleam.

There on the field of fame expiring lay

The beauteous Swen and Ulf with tresses gray:—

SWEN.

Oh, father! that, in youth, the Swede's fell blow

Should lay me low.

My mother shall no more with tender care

My home prepare.

In vain my faithful love at evening's hour

Waits my return, and mounts her highest tower.

ULF.

They will behold us in the dead of night
In visions bright;
But, be consoled, soon sinks her faithful breast
With grief opprest.
Then shalt thou see once more, 'mid angels fair,
Thy well-beloved, with her golden hair.

SWEN.

I have begun a song of elder times
In measured rhymes,
Of heroes, and of queens, in days of yore
Long past and o'er:
My harp is silent now, the winds alone
With dismal howlings wake a fearful tone.

ULF.

Soon shall the music of yon heavenly sphere
Salute thine ear:
The very stars send forth in measured rounds
Harmonious sounds.
In yon bright regions of celestial air
Awake thy song once more, and end it there!

SWEN.

Oh, that in early youth the Swede's fell blow

Should lay me low!

No glorious deeds as yet adorn my shield,

No well-fought field.

Twelve judges throned on high each doom assign;

But, will a hero's glorious meed be mine?

ULF.

Thy single deed, shall many deeds outweigh,

In that dread day:

Who for thy father's land in utmost need

Didst bravely bleed.

Look back; the foes retreat: our fame is fair;

Bright shines yon heaven, and our reward is there.

HOTTINGER.

BORN DECEMBER 3, 1750.

JOHN JACOB HOTTINGER, of a most learned family in Switzerland, was born at Zurich, December 3rd, 1750. He became a professor and choir master in the same city, where he died February 4th, 1819.

His master-piece is *An Attempt to compare the German Poets with those of Greece and Rome*. It is one of the best works of the kind in the German language. He has also translated some of Cicero's works, with great success. Several of Hottinger's lighter pieces of poetry well deserve to be remembered.—*See Real Encyclopädie*.

A SWISS SONG.

KNOW'ST thou the land where Alpine roses bloom,
And hearts are cheerful mid the mountain's gloom?
Where Father Rhine in early youth is seen,
And travellers wonder at the lovely scene?
Say, dost thou know it well? The lovely land,
Extol it high: it is my father-land.

Creation's pillars have thine eyes surveyed,
High o'er our heads in glittering snows arrayed?
"As nature's rampart ever gird the plain:"
So spake the Almighty's word, and they remain.
Say, dost thou know it well? The Alpine land,
Oh! praise it loud: it is my father-land.

Know'st thou the town, whose image still is seen
Reflected in the clear lake's waves serene?
Full many a tower is reared its banks beside,
And many a vine-clad hill, in native pride?
Say, dost thou know it well? All blessings crown
Its peaceful walls: it is my native town.

TIEDGE.

BORN DECEMBER 13, 1752.

“Tiedge is a pure and moral poet, whose writings incline the mind to the most religious feelings.”—*Madame de Staël, Allemagne, Chapitre 13.*

CHRISTOPHER AUGUSTUS TIEDGE, who merits a distinguished place amongst the German poets, was born December 13th, 1752, at Gardelegen, in Altmark. His father was head master of the town school, but was removed a few years afterwards to Magdeburg, and appointed one of the masters of the public college at that place; he died in 1772, just as his eldest son was going to the university, and left a numerous family in indigent circumstances. Tiedge, who followed the study of the law, displayed distinguished abilities during the three years he spent at Halle; but when he had finished his studies in 1776, he gave up the law, and went to Elrich, in Hohenstein, where he became governor or

tutor in the family of Arnstadt. It was in this delightful residence that Tiedge spent many happy years, in the quiet enjoyment of a life devoted to his employment, and to the cultivation of literature. Here, also, he became acquainted with Goecking, Gleim, and Klamer, as well as with that much-admired writer, Madame Elisa von der Recke.

Some of his earliest verses, written about this time, and beginning with the words—

“The bond of friendship ends not here below,”

became a popular song, and was the groundwork of his poem “Urania.”

In the year 1792, he became companion and private secretary to the prebendary Stedern; and afterwards superintended the education of his two daughters. Death having deprived him of both his benefactors, (the prebendary dying in 1793, and his widow a few years afterwards), Tiedge was so much overcome with grief at the loss of his friends, that he could no longer bear to remain in a country filled with mournful remembrances, and he even resigned a small church preferment at Halbstadt to a younger brother. He then took several journeys in the north of Germany and to Berlin. In this city, he again met

Madame von der Recke, whose love of poetry and of every kind of reading that could improve or raise the mind, continued with her even to the decline of life and health. He spent much of his time at the house of this esteemed lady, whose residence was usually either at Berlin, Dresden, or with her sister the Duchess of Courland.

The poetry of Tiedge breathes the very spirit of morality and sensibility. Many of his pieces have been set to music by some of the first German composers*.—*Real Encyclopädie*.

* In the different accounts of Tiedge which I have been able to read, I have never yet found any mention of his death ; I trust he still lives, an honour and blessing to his country.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

A FAIR rural altar once rose to my view;
Soft zephyrs blew gently around;
And there, crown'd with flowers of various hue,
Both Hope and Remembrance were found.

Fair Hope wore her chaplet of roses so bright,
Yet thoughtful and serious her mien;
And Memory appear'd, like the evening's soft light,
When it beams forth all mild and serene.

And Hope gently whisper'd, I once was thy guide,
I led thee through years of delight;
Henceforth let my place be by Memory supplied,
Less dazzling but softer her light.

Yet, thanks be to me for thy life's brightest day,
For the hours of delight which are o'er:
Farewell! What once blossom'd has now past away,
In death thou shalt see me once more.

A SISTER'S HEART*.

A SISTER'S heart beat true to me,
A heart that could not range:
That heart beat once, it beats no more;
Oh, fatal, fatal change!

A sister's heart! 'Tis those alone
Who well that treasure know,
Can feel what words cannot express,
Can share my bitter wo.

Of all the hearts in all the world,
There's none, there's none so kind;
There's none so steadfast or so true,
So tender or so mild.

* The original of these lines appeared in a German Annual, (which was lent to me by a friend) without the name of the author, and I have now no means of procuring it.

Of all the hearts in all the world,
There's none so full of truth;¹
There's none that can with hers compare,
The Sister of thy youth.

Of all the hearts in all the world,
Hers lives for thee alone;
Her friendship lives alone for thee,
Unmindful of its own.

Thy lover's heart may oft prove cool,
To jealous doubts inclin'd;
Thy choicest friend may prove untrue,
Or wavering as the wind.

But, always firm and always true,
Her heart will still remain;
Remain when all besides have left,
In joy and grief the same.

So, when the wanderer has lost
The sun's reviving ray,
The milder moon sheds forth its beams,
To cheer him on his way.

A sister's heart beat true to me,
A heart that could not range:
That heart beat once, it beats no more;
Oh, fatal, fatal change!

A heart that beat true to me,
A heart that could not change,
That had been true to me no more;
Oh, that, that change, to me no more!

And then, when I was young,
I was so full of love,
That I could not be true to you,
And now, when I am old,

I am so full of love,
That I can be true to you,
And now, when I am old,
I am so full of love,

That I can be true to you,
And now, when I am old,
I am so full of love,
That I can be true to you,

And now, when I am old,
I am so full of love,
That I can be true to you,
And now, when I am old,

ITALIAN.

ON THE ITALIAN LANGUAGE.

“ Italian is a language of such extraordinary melody, that it has the power of affecting us like chords in music, even when we are not attending to the sense of the words. It acts on us like a fine-strung instrument.”—*Madame de Staël, de la Littérature, Chapitre 10.*

PETRARCH.

BORN JULY 19, 1304.

“No one has so great a right to be distinguished in the History of Italian literature as Petrarch, he was amongst the first to promote the study of the Greek language in Italy. He was at once a philosopher, an historian, an orator, a poet. He cultivated and promoted the study of letters in every way, and obtained for them the esteem and protection of the princes of his time, by whom he was in the highest degree admired and beloved. No one can more justly claim the title of the restorer and father of Italian literature.”—*From Romualdi Zotti.*

PIETRO, commonly called Petracco, a notary of Florence, and Eletta Canigiani his wife, were the parents of Francesco, who was first called Petracco and afterwards Petrarca. They were banished from their country in the year 1302, the same year in which Dante was exiled: they retired to Arezzo, where Francesco was born, the 19th of July, 1304. When he was only seven months old, Eletta his mother being

recalled from exile, went with her son Francesco to an estate which belonged to her at Ancisa, fourteen miles from Florence: he remained here till he had completed his seventh year, after which he went with his parents to Pisa; from whence, a year afterwards, having lost all hope of returning to Florence, they crossed over to Marseilles, and arrived with their son at the city of Avignon. "It was then, on the banks of the Rhone," (says Petrarch, in his letter addressed to posterity), that I passed my childhood, under the care of my parents, and afterwards the vain days of my early youth; but my residence there was interrupted by several journeys, for I spent four whole years at Carpentras, a small town near Avignon; and both there and at Avignon, I made such progress in grammar, rhetoric, and philology, as is usually made at that tender age, and from the advantages to be derived at school: and how little that is, you, my reader, may perhaps know by yourself. From thence I went to Montpellier, and afterwards to Bologna, in order to study the law: I spent four years in the first-mentioned city: three in the second, and heard the whole code of the civil law explained; some of my friends thought I should have made great progress had I persevered;

but, scarcely was I left to myself than I gave it up altogether: not because I disliked the power of the law, which is great, nor that I was displeased with the study of it, which is full of Roman antiquities, in which I delight much; but because the iniquity of mankind has so spoiled the practice of it, that I could not bear to pursue a science of which I would not make a bad use, and of which I could hardly make a good one; for, even had I done so, my honesty would have been thought ignorance; therefore, at the age of two and twenty I returned home, for so I call my exile at Avignon, where I had spent the latter years of my childhood."

Petrarch's father was anxious his son should become a learned lawyer, and having heard that, instead of a law book, the young man had always an orator or a poet in his hand, he one day came into his room, and having searched every part of it, he at length found the books he so much disliked in a corner, and in his anger seized hold of them and put them into the fire: Francesco, at this sight, could not refrain from weeping bitterly; and his father, moved with compassion, rescued two of the books (Virgil and Cicero) from the flames, and giving them to his son, said with a smile, "Keep these and

amuse yourself now and then with reading them." Who the Laura of Petrarch was, has been long disputed: the most probable account seems to be, that she was the daughter of Arigo, Signore di Cabrieres, and that she was born near Avignon. Petrarch saw Laura for the first time on a Good Friday, the 6th of April, 1327, according to his own expression:—

"The April of the year and of my life."

Canzone 4.

To Laura, Petrarch attributes not only the most angelic beauty, but also every excellence that can adorn the human mind: the constant affection with which he adored her memory after her death, is indeed one of the strongest proofs of the perfection of her character. The reflection of Signor de la Bastie is equally true, whether taken as a moral sentiment, or as an accurate observation on human nature:—

"It is virtue alone has the power of making impressions, which death cannot efface."

At the time Petrarch first saw Laura, she was very young. She died on the 6th of April, 1348, exactly one-and-twenty years after he first beheld

her, on the very same day and hour, as he himself tells us:—

“ In the year thirteen hundred forty-eight,
The sixth of April in the morning's prime,
Her blessed spirit left this mortal state,
And soar'd on high into a better clime.”

Son. 63, Part 2.

About the time of Petrarch's return to Avignon, he lost his parents, and a few years afterwards he contracted that friendship with the family of the Colonnese, which proved so sincere and durable that it ended only with their lives.

It was in the solitude of Valchiusa that Petrarch composed not only the greater part of his poetry but also many of his Latin letters, his eclogues, and his work on a solitary life, as he himself mentions in his letters. Here, too, in 1339, he began his Latin poem of Africa, which he finished a year afterwards. Petrarch had much pleasure in travelling. In the year 1330, he accompanied Jacopo Colonna to Lombes, of which place, he (Jacopo Colonna) was bishop. After having spent the summer and part of the autumn there, he returned to Avignon with the bishop, who then introduced him to the friendship

of his brother, the Cardinal Giovanni Colonna, who proved Petrarch's most powerful protector, and at whose house he had frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted with the most learned men of his time. In the year 1333, Petrarch took another journey through France, Germany, and Flanders: the result of the diligent observations which he made on every thing he saw, was, as he himself tells us, that "though he beheld much to admire in foreign lands, he, nevertheless, found no reason to regret that he was born in Italy, which seemed to him still more beautiful and worthy of admiration, the more he saw of other countries."

On the 23rd of August, 1340, he received a letter from the Roman senate inviting and earnestly pressing him to go to Rome, to receive the laurel crown, and a few hours afterwards, another from Robert des Bardi, the chancellor of the university of Paris, begging him to receive the same honour in that capital. Who can describe the transports and joy of Petrarch, on seeing himself invited by two such great cities, to receive an honour he had long so ardently desired!

We may, perhaps, be allowed to apply to Petrarch

on this occasion, the beautiful lines of our own immortal Milton, who was himself a great admirer of the Italian poets—more particularly of Dante and Petrarch—and who was perfectly skilled in the Italian language :—

“ Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble minds)
 To scorn delights and live laborious days;
 But, the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with th’ abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin spun life—‘ But not the praise,’
 Phoebus replied, ‘ and touch’d my trembling ears;
 Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glist’ring foil
 Set off to th’ world, nor in broad rumour lies;
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in Heav’n expect thy meed.’ ”

Milton, (Lycidas).

Petrarch’s own inclinations, as well as the advice of Cardinal Colonna, determined him in favour of Rome; but, before he would consent to receive so great an honour as a public coronation as poet, he wished to be subjected to an examination which might prove he was worthy of it. For this purpose he arrived, early in March, in the year 1341, at the court of Robert, king of Naples, at that time justly

esteemed the most learned monarch in the world. Every one may imagine the reception such a poet met with from him.

The examination, which lasted three days, gave Petrarch the opportunity of holding arguments and discourses on every kind of science, in the presence of the whole court; after which, Robert solemnly declared him worthy of the crown; he would willingly have given him this honour with his own hands at Naples, but having heard the reasons which made Petrarch prefer Rome, he approved of them, and told him that, had not his advanced age prevented, he would have himself accompanied him to Rome to be present at this fête. We cannot now describe all the particulars of the ceremony in which Petrarch received the crown of laurel from the hands of Orsi, in the Capitol at Rome, amidst the acclamations and applauses of the people, and the escort of the principal nobility of that city; this day, so glorious to Petrarch, was Easter Sunday, the 8th of April, 1341.

Thus was Petrarch rewarded by that honourable fame, which, in his own beautiful words:—

“ Can draw man from the tomb, and keep him still in life*.”

* See the Triumph of Fame.

The year 1348 was that in which Europe was afflicted with the great plague; amongst the victims of it was the beautiful Laura, so celebrated by Petrarch. If it were possible that words could convey a just idea of such a grief, those of the poet himself would abundantly do so: the sonnets and poems composed after the death of Laura, far surpass the beauty of the preceding ones, as indeed they do any other poetry, in tenderness of expression and depth of feeling. Petrarch also lost many friends in this general calamity, and particularly the Cardinal Colonna, to whom he was gratefully attached, and whom he has often celebrated in his verses.

The life of Petrarch and his splendid talents were as much devoted to the benefit of Italy, (for which he entertained the most patriotic affection), as they were to the advancement of literature. His love for his country is expressed in many of his poems; and the influence he had with the leading characters of his day, was always employed in its advantage.

In the latter years of his life, he retired to Arquà, near Milan, where he enjoyed the friendship of Galeazzo Visconti, one of the greatest princes of Italy, and an ardent admirer of our poet. In a letter addressed to a friend, Petrarch thus expresses

himself:—"Not only the greatest prince of Italy and all his court love and honour me; but even his people esteem me more than I deserve. The kindness which every one shews me, attaches me to Milan to such a degree, that I love even the houses, the ground, the air, and the very walls; not to say any thing of my acquaintance and friends. I have taken a country house near Milan, where the air is delightful, at which residence I now am. I usually pass my life here, as being more at liberty, and removed from the bustle of the city. You wish to know the state of my fortune, and if I am really as rich as they say I am. I will tell you the exact truth: my income is increased, but my expenses are increased in proportion; you know me; I am neither richer nor poorer. If riches multiply our wants and desires, they reduce us to poverty; but I have hitherto experienced the contrary: the more I have had, the less I have wished for; plenty has rendered me more tranquil and moderate in my wishes. Nevertheless, I do not know how it would have been, if I had possessed great riches; perhaps they would have produced the same effect on me which they have on so many others."

At this villa of Arquà, Petrarch spent his

latter years; and after gradually declining for some months, he died there, during the night of the 18th of July, 1374. He was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and was found dead the next morning in his library, with his head leaning against a book. He was buried with great pomp in the church at Arqua, where his tomb still remains.

Such was the life of Francesco Petrarch, one of the most remarkable men that ever lived—whether we consider the vigour of his genius, his great learning and varied erudition; or whether, on the other hand, we look at his amiable disposition and distinguished virtues.

Petrarch had received from nature that happy gift of inspiration, without which it is in vain to attempt to be a poet; nevertheless, it is well known that he was indefatigable in revising and correcting his verses; and we have a proof of it in some original manuscripts, (published by Ubaldini, and afterwards placed in Muratori's edition), in which we may still see the different corrections made by himself on the same verse, and the various ways in which he turned it before he could be satisfied.

The countenance of Petrarch was at once thought-

ful and lively, conciliating respect and affection. Without being strong, he was active and expert in all kinds of exercises. He fasted every Friday, as well as the whole of Lent, and was at all times very temperate. He played on the lute, which he continued to his old age, and mentioned this instrument in his will. He usually rose at midnight, performed his morning devotions, and then gave himself to study. These hours were, as he says in his letters, the most favourable to him. He was inclined to an irritable temper, but was easily appeased, and was incapable of giving pain to any one. Adversity never caused him to lose his courage; nor did the intercourse of courts, or of the world, ever corrupt the integrity of his character; for he had a fund of religion and piety, as well as of moral philosophy, which is shewn in all his works. He was fond of solitude rather than of the world; but was tenderly attached to his brother and to the family of Colonna. An undeviating love of truth was one of the most remarkable virtues of this great man.

The name of Petrarch will be ever celebrated, not only in Italy, but in every country where Italian poetry is known; and his fame is extended

even to the most remote regions, in a word, wherever the light of science has penetrated.—See *Zotti's Life of Petrarch, prefixed to his works.*

THE LOVE OF ONE'S NATIVE COUNTRY.

AND is not this, of all th' extended earth,
The spot most dear, the land which gave me birth;
In which with care my infancy was reared;
By many a scene of tenderness endeared?
This the fair soil my infant feet have trod;
And this my much-loved parents' last abode?

PAST AFFLICTIONS.

How passes life! Lo, now I most delight
In all that seemed most grievous in my sight:
Now, in the eve of life, I see and feel
The deepest pangs were given the more to heal
This wounded heart,—to bid all struggles cease,
And by short warfare gain eternal peace.

ETERNITY.

FOR that which does so press and wound the mind—
The past, the present, future, evening, morn,—
Shall then be o'er e'en like a passing wind:
The future and the past shall have no place;
All but the glorious present shall be gone;
Eternity shall conquer time and space.

WORLDLY MINDEDNESS.

MOST miserable, groveling, poor, and blind,
Are those whose hopes are fixed on such frail
things,
That time has power to take away like wind.
Oh, truly dull, and low, and weak of mind,
And void of all that lifts the soul on wings,
Who on this earth the greatest bliss can find.

REMARKS

METASTASIO

From time to time, however, he returned to the subject.
 The first time he returned, he found a young man, who
 shall then be over and over again.
 The family and the poet shall have no place;
 Pietro Metastasio was born at Rome, the 3rd
 of January, 1698, of poor but respectable parents.
 He was educated at the Collegio Gregoriano, where he
 was only ten years of age, he showed such an ex-
 traordinary talent for extraordinary powers, that the
 celebrated Gravina adopted him as his son, and
 changed his name from Pietro to Francesco. He was
 sent to the Greek school. Gravina had long
 wished to introduce the Greek style of high lan-
 guage, and it was to this object that he directed the
 studies of his young pupil; making him at the same
 time apply to the law, that he might have the
 resources of a useful profession. With such a genius
 and such a master, Metastasio improved rapidly.
 He had composed the different years, he was
 a distinguished literary man, and had already
 written on the Greek and Latin languages.

METASTASIO.

BORN JAN. 3, 1698.

PIETRO METASTASIO was born at Rome, the 3rd of January, 1698, of poor but respectable parents, Felice Trapassi and Francesca Galastri. When he was only ten years of age he shewed such an extraordinary talent for extemporary poetry, that the celebrated Gravina adopted him as his son, and changed his name from Trapassi to Metastasio, according to the Greek fashion. Gravina had long wished to introduce the Grecian style of plays into Italy, and it was to this object that he directed the studies of his young pupil; making him at the same time apply to the law, that he might have the resource of a useful profession. With such a genius and such a master, Metastasio improved rapidly. Before he had completed his fifteenth year, he was a distinguished Improvvisatore, and had already

written *Il Guistino*. On the death of Gravina, (who made Metastasio his heir), he for a time abandoned the Muses. Coming suddenly into the possession of more than fifteen thousand Roman crowns, residing in Rome, at the age of twenty, with a lively imagination, and led away by the flattery of many admirers, who assured him that he could not fail to occupy a conspicuous place at court, he gave himself up to a life of idleness and amusement, and in a short time dissipated his inheritance; his fortune was gone and his friends went with it. Our author probably alluded to this, when he makes Themistocles say:—

‘ In what can we confide? In riches’ power?

They came; and they may vanish in an hour.

In these new friends? They are but for awhile;

They only court the world’s alluring smile:

The followers of favour, not of me;

They came with Fortune and with her would flee.”

Astonished and undeceived, he then resolved to give himself entirely to the study of the law: left his creditors and his ungrateful friends, and placed himself under a lawyer at Naples, (famous for his aversion to poets and verses), and promised and vowed that he would write no more. However, at

the request of a powerful minister, he consented to write the Gardens of the Hesperides, on condition that his name should be kept secret; and, soon after, composed the drama of Dido, which surpassed any thing that had yet appeared, and was only excelled by Metastasio himself. His fame was now established and increased rapidly, in consequence of which he was invited to the Court of Vienna, where he had the title of Poeta Cesario, or, as we should say, poet laureate, bestowed on him. He lived there, honoured and happy, from the age of thirty-two to that of eighty-four. He left twenty-eight dramas, and nearly seventy small pieces in one act, entitled Theatrical Actions, with several other short poems: a translation in verse of Horace's Art of Poetry, and of several Satires from Horace and Juvenal, an Analysis of Aristotle's Poetics, and many valuable observations on the tragedies and comedies of the Greek theatre. Lastly, two volumes of Familiar Letters, in which all the goodness, kindness, and generosity of the author's mind are fully shewn: these qualities are indeed displayed in all his works. In reading his Dramas, we feel as if walking through a gallery of Raffaele's or Albano's

pictures; he represents men as they ought to be, and transports us into a world where justice reigns. In his works, we find the perfection of virtue such as we delight to imagine it, adorned with all the graces of poetry. While conversing with him, we find our minds filled with the purest and most noble sentiments, and to him may be applied, what he has said of one of his heroes:—

“ Whene’er I speak with thee, I feel my breast
With purer love of virtue still possess’d.
Exalted soul! How well thy words inspire
The love of honour, and true glory’s fire,

* * * *

Oh, what a flame of glory and true honour
Runs through each vein, and raises every thought,
Exalted soul! whene’er I speak with thee.”

But nothing depicts the author’s mind so much as the following sonnet, in which he himself speaks of his dramas and of his feelings in composing them:—

“ Fables and visions I design with art,
And while my soul on this employ I keep,
Fool that I am, they strike so near my heart,
That, e’en while I invent, I grieve or weep;

But, when unmoved by sweet poetic art,
Say, am I wiser? Do my passions sleep?
Am I more tranquil? Does my wayward heart,
With better reason love, or hate, or weep?
Alas! not only what I write or sing
Are dreams and fables, what I hope or fear,
All are illusions, and from fancy spring:
My life is but a dream, a vain career.
Grant, Lord! that after death my soul may wing
Her way to truth, and view a brighter sphere."

— See *Buttura's Life of Metastasio*.

CUSTOM.

AT first who tempts the ocean's roar,
And views the swift receding shore,
In every wave new danger sees,
Hears tempests in the zephyr's breeze.
Accustomed soon his bark to guide,
He carols as he stems the tide;
And, fearless on the wild waves borne,
Slumbers secure in midnight storm.

PATRIOTISM.

OUR native country is a good in which
We all have part. A patriot should know
No interest in which his country shares not:
The good or harm which he alone regards,
Is what is good or hurtful to that land
To which he owes his all; and when he gives
His blood, his life for her, he but returns
That which he owes. He does not give his own:
She gave him life and nursed his infancy,
And reared his youth. She, by her guardian laws,
Preserves him from all injuries at home,
And from all foreign dangers by her arms.
She gives him name, and station, and respect:
Rewards his merits, vindicates his wrongs;
And like a tender mother strives to rear
A fabric for his happiness, as far
As mortals can be happy.

So many gifts bestowed, 'tis true, must bring
A weight of duty with them: those who choose
The benefit, must not its price refuse.
If he disdain the social union mild,
Then let him seek the woods and forests wild,
With some poor acorns and a shed content,
In lonely liberty his days be spent.

USE OF MISFORTUNE.

THE stream which murmurs o'er the rock,
Or rushes from its height,
In its rude fall sustains a shock,
But shines more pure and bright.
The stagnant pool on level plain,
Unruffled may in peace remain,
By no keen gales or tempests tost,
Till in this calm all beauty's lost.

DIVINE AID.

IN this drear road to mortals given,
Without the cheering rays of Heaven,
Each foot, however firm, must fail,
Nor courage can the soul avail.

To gain the wishes of the heart,
Genius and sense will bear their part,
Yet sense and art alike are vain,
Unless kind Heaven its blessing deign.

ENTERPRISE.

HE was too bold who o'er the main,
First ventured distant shores to gain,
And ploughed the seas alone.
But, without that too daring mind,
What realms, what treasures undefined,
Had yet remained unknown?

TIME.

SWIFT as an arrow thro' the skies,
Or wave along the main,—
So passes time. Still on it flies,
Nor treads its steps again.
And those who lose the fav'ring hour,
Which time has placed within their power,
When once the happy moment's fled,
Will find repentance in its stead.

VICTORIA COLONNA.

BORN 1490.

THE most celebrated poetess of Italy was Victoria Colonna, equally distinguished for her noble birth, her excellent genius, and her many virtues. Her father was Fabricius Colonna, (who had married Anna, daughter of Frederick, Duke of Urbino), and Victoria was born in the year 1490, at Marino, a feudal state belonging to the noble family of Colonna. When only four years old, her parents destined her to be the wife of Francesca Davalos, Marquis of Pescara, of about her own age. Her many distinguished qualities and excellent education rendered her at an early age the object of universal admiration, and many of the first princes of Italy sought her alliance. She, however, remained faith-

ful to the promise given in childhood; and at the age of seventeen, was married to the Marquis Pescara. A mutual affection, a similitude of pursuits, and, above all, of virtues, rendered their union most happy. But the sunshine of life was overcast in 1512, by the imprisonment of the Marquis after the battle of Ravenna; and though he was afterwards liberated and returned home, yet he never recovered the wounds he had received at the battle of Pavia, in consequence of which he died in 1525, in the flower of his days. Deeply afflicted by his loss, Victoria lived in retirement, sometimes at Naples and sometimes in the Isle of Ischia, continuing to cultivate her poetical genius, and firmly refusing every proposition to form a second marriage.

Some years after the death of her husband, wishing to devote herself more entirely to the exercise of her religious duties, she retired to the Convent of Orvieto, which, however, she occasionally left to visit Rome, at which city she ended her days, in February, 1547. It should not be omitted, that Victoria Colonna kept up a friendship and correspondence with some of the most celebrated geniuses of her time, especially Michael Angelo, the

architect of that glorious edifice, St. Peter's Church, at Rome, and Bernardo Tasso, the father of the immortal poet.—*Storia della Letteratura Italiana* *ell' Abate Girolamo Tiraboschi.*

SONNET.

WHY should they fear the griefs of earth's short day,
Who once have placed their hopes, their peace, on
high?

Why dread the rigours of the winter's sky,
If they are cheered and warmed by Heaven's own ray?
Nor does the burden of this world oppress
The spirit which above its bounds can soar;
Can Hate or Envy ever wound him more,
Who once has learned to pardon and to bless?

No arrows can against a tower prevail,
Which on that living rock has raised its head,
That gives us strength, tho' human else and frail:

And vainly for that bird a net is spread,
(Amid the fogs and darkness of the vale),
Which boldly to the heavens its flight has sped.

TARQUINA MOLSA.

BORN NOVEMBER 1, 1542.

OF all the Italian ladies remarkable for their attainments in learning, none arrived at the excellence of Tarquina Molsa, the daughter of Camillus Molsa, and granddaughter of Francesco Molsa. She was born at Modena, November the 1st, 1542; and her happy genius was cultivated with the greatest care. She was instructed in literature and sciences, as well as in Greek, Latin, and even Hebrew. She was married in 1560, to Paolo Porrino, who died eighteen years afterwards to her deep regret.

In 1580, she took up her abode at Ferrara, where she was during twelve years lady of honour to Lucretia and Leonora D'Este, sisters of Duke Alphonso the Second. She afterwards retired to Modena, where she passed the rest of her days in

a peaceable retirement and the tranquil cultivation of her studies, till the 8th of August, 1617, when she terminated a life which had reflected honour, not only on her native place, but on all Italy.

Of the many honourable testimonies given to the merit of Tarquina, we shall only select two. The first is, the fact of the senators of Rome conferring the freedom of that city on her, as also on all her family. The words of the patent express that this distinction, which it was unusual to give to a woman, was bestowed as a tribute to her many and rare virtues, her knowledge of sciences, her elegance in poetry, her skill in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, her talents in music, her constancy in adversity, and the many other exalted qualities that distinguished her.

The other is a dedication addressed to her by Francesco Patricius (of his *Philosophical Discussions*). Great as this eulogium appears, it is said not to have exceeded the truth:—

“ To whom can I with so much propriety offer my labours as to you, the most learned woman of this or any other age. You have not attained a slight tincture of learning, like many others. You possess

not only the Tuscan tongue, but the Latin and Greek in perfection. You read, and comprehend without the smallest difficulty, not only historians and orators, but even philosophers and poets in that language. Plato and Pindar are familiar to you. And what is still more wonderful, you acquired it in three months, by hearing my explanation of Plato. In Latin and Italian, you write the most pleasing and graceful poetry of every kind. You are well versed in logic, moral philosophy, and theology. What shall I say of music, in which you are not only the admiration of musicians, but of the Muses themselves. Then, what a genius is yours! What mildness, politeness, and kindness in your conversation. To all these gifts of nature you unite nobility of birth, distinguished beauty, and the most exemplary conduct. Not only your own countrymen, but the most accomplished foreigners, come to Modena to see, to admire, and to pay homage to you. How great is the esteem in which you are held by the Duke Alphonso and the two princesses, his sisters, by the City of Ferrara, and at Rome, a world of itself! But, alas! since your most esteemed husband, Paolo Porrino, has been called to Heaven, you have veiled all these graces in sad-

ness and tears. He was indeed an excellent husband; but you were also the best of wives, and one who reflected glory on him: therefore, call in your strength and firmness of mind, and receive with a cheerful countenance this third volume of my Discussions, which I present to you as a testimony of my esteem and gratitude."—*Storia della Letteratura Italiana, dell' Abate Girolamo Tiraboschi.*

SONNET*.

CREATOR of the world! Lord of all grace!
Who in a sinner's death hast no delight;
But, if he turn, dost graciously invite,
And hidest not the brightness of thy face.
Oh, look upon thy former chosen race,
Thy people Israel, sunk in darkest night;
And so bestow on them a brighter light,
To see their errors and the past efface.
Oh, open thou their blinded eyes anew;
Of their own prophecies the sense unfold,
That they may truly their salvation view,
Their blest and only Saviour may behold!
Thy face unveil'd, in brightness let them view,
Remembering their forefathers loved of old.

* This sonnet is from Francesco Molsa, the grandfather of Tarquina. I have not been able to meet with any of her poems.

LAURA AMMANATI.

LAURA BATTIFERRA AMMANATI was a native of Urbino, and wife of Bartolommeo Ammanati, a celebrated sculptor and architect of Florence. She translated psalms, hymns, and prophecies. Her verses are written in a tone of high morality. She, as well as her husband, left all their property to St. John's College, at Florence, at that time considered a learned and useful establishment. She died 1589, aged sixty-seven years.—*See Parnaso Italiano Poetesse.*

SONNET.

ERE lost the youthful vigour of my mind,
Ere yet my days of poetry have fled,
By the still, silent course of time, whose tread
Takes much away and little leaves behind;
Fain would I sing these waters pure and clear,
This shady valley, and those mountains high,
Which rear their heads so proudly to the sky;
Would I could say unto my heart, how dear!
If not impeded by imperious fate,
Which often does our best designs undo,
Their various charms I gladly would relate.
And, oh! ye Muses, hither turn your view;
Your favourite laurel grows upon this plain:
Oh, do not, then, this lowly spot disdain.

VERONICA GAMBARA.

BORN 1485.

VERONICA GAMBARA, a lady of Brescia, the wife of Gilberto the Tenth, Lord of Correggio. She was born 1485 and died 1550. The gentleness and tranquillity of her mind, and the goodness of her disposition, are depicted in her verses. The most learned men of her time celebrated her talents. Ariosto mentions her Canto 46th:—

“ Veronica da Gambara é con loro
Si grata a Febo, e al santo Aonio caro.”

Parnaso Italiano Poetesse.

“ With them I see Veronica appear,
To Phoebus and to all the Muses dear.”

Or, thus:—

“ Veronica, whose bright poetic fire,
Was dear to Phoebus and th’ Aonian choir.”

SONNET.

Oh, pleasing scene! How happy is my lot,
That I once more behold thy lovely hills,
Thy rural fields, thy freshly flowing rills;
And all the beauties of this favored spot.
Therefore the day of my return be blest,
And blest the wish that in my heart arose,
To see you once again, and seek repose
From various changes in your soothing rest.
Now that I see you, such delight I feel,
That all my former sorrows are forgot,
All tranquil pleasures renovate my mind,
While mild emotions o'er my bosom steal.
Heaven be propitious to this much-loved spot,
As here alone my happiness I find.

LOUIS CLASIO.

BORN 1754.

LOUIS CLASIO, whose real name was Louis Fiacchi, was the author of many pleasing and ingenious fables, and a member of the Academy Della Crusca. He was born at Scarperia in the year 1754, and died 1825.—*Racolta di Favole.*

THE TRAVELLER AND THE PLANE TREE.

Tired with a long and weary way,
Under the summer's noontide ray,
His sinking form a traveller laid
Beneath a Plane Tree's cooling shade.
Already by repose refreshed,
The fever leaves his beating breast,
And soon his curious eyes surveyed
The tree which gave such welcome aid;
And as he there no fruit could find,
He thus express'd his thankless mind:—
“ Oh, worthless Tree, how high thy head,
How far and wide thy branches spread,
Yet not a single fruit is seen
Amid thy wide spread branches green;
Such barren grandeur I despise,
And thou art worthless in my eyes.”

The Plane this thankless speech could hear,
And thus replies with tone severe:—
“ That I can boast no fruit may be,
A fault or a defect in me;

But you at least should not despise
The shade which shields from burning skies:
These branches you should kindly view,
Poor they may be, but yet they sheltered you;
Your strength you gladly in my shade restore,
Then murmur not, if I can do no more."

To love another's fault to find,
Shows ever an ungenerous mind:
To be severe on those who shelter you,
Is an ingratitude of darkest hue.

THE TRAVELLER AND THE LARK

But you at least should not despair

The shade which sheltered from the sun

These bushes and should kindly rest

For they may help you at your leisure

Your strength you find in my shade to store

Then return not if I can do no more

To lose another's life in vain

Shame even on my shadow's name

As to be seen on those who shelter you

There is an ingredient of death

And I am not a shadow

At the first touch of the sun

My shadow is gone

And I am not a shadow

At the first touch of the sun

My shadow is gone

And I am not a shadow

At the first touch of the sun

My shadow is gone

And I am not a shadow

At the first touch of the sun

My shadow is gone

And I am not a shadow

At the first touch of the sun

BERTOLA.

BORN 1753.

AURELIO DE' GIORGI BERTOLA was born at Rimini, in the year 1753. He was professor of history and geography at Naples, and of history at the University of Pavia. He died at Pavia in the year 1798.

Besides his poetical works, he wrote *The Philosophy of History*;—*Thoughts on the German Literature*;—*A Voyage up the Rhine*;—*An Essay on Fable*, and several eulogiums, amongst others, that of Gesner.—*See Raccolta di Favole.*

THE PINE AND THE SHRUB.

“ Ahi bella liberta.”

Petrarch.

A HAUGHTY Pine elate with pride,
Addressed a Shrub that grew beside:—
“ How blest, how happy was the fate
That placed you near my lofty state,
Safe in my shelter you remain,
The tempest blows o’er you in vain.”

The Shrub replies, “ ’Tis true, ’tis true,
From wind and storm I’m saved by you;
But gloomy is the shelter given,
It hides from me the light of heaven:
My days in saddest safety run,
You shelter from the storm, but hide the sun.”

Who trust in powerful friends for aid,
Lose freedom for a faithless shade.

ROBERTI.

BORN 1719.

GIAMBATTISTA ROBERTI born at Bassano, in the year 1719. He wrote various useful and elegant works, both in prose and verse. Goodness of heart, and sweetness of disposition, are displayed in all of them. His aim was always to diffuse true and practical maxims under an entertaining form. He died in his own country in 1786.—*Racolta di Favole.*

THE STRAWBERRY AND VIOLET.

THE strawberry red, the violet blue,
Are pleasing in their form and hue:
Yet both so humble and so meek,
Ere we can find, we long must seek;
So modest, they can ne'er be found,
Save clinging to their native ground:
Under a foliage thick and green,
Their lowly worth is hardly seen;
Still to the earth their heads recline,
Their tendrils still the soil entwine.
Yet, above every fruit or flower,
That flourishes in field or bower,
We seek with careful eye and tread,
The violet blue, the strawberry red.

Altho' by modesty conceal'd,
True merit ever is reveal'd.

THE LAMB AND GOAT.

A Lamb and Goat together rear'd,
From their first days became endear'd,
Drank from the same transparent stream,
Fed in the self-same meadows green.
Together passed in joyous play,
Their happy sportive summer's day ;
And when the Goat had strayed more wide,
The Lamb still follow'd by its side ;
And when his steps appear'd too fleet,
Recalled him with a gentle bleat,
And sporting with caressing grace,
Played with his shaggy beard and face.
But as the Goat became more bold,
He scorn'd the field, he scorn'd the fold,
He seeks the mountain's lofty heights,
To feed on highest rocks delights ;
Each dangerous path he loves to seek,
Nor thinks of his companion meek,
Who, altho' tired, and timid still,
Pursues his friend o'er rock and hill ;

Nor will he leave his dangerous guide,
But trembling follows far and wide,
Seeks some new peril every day,
Until his feeble feet give way ;
Down a steep precipice they glide,
And thus the poor confiding Lambkin died.

It is not every one can prove
A faithful friend and worthy love,
Or guide thee safely on thy way,
Tho' dear companion of thy early day.

SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE.

SEATTLE AND PORTLAND

was born at Seattle, July 1877.
It would be useless and imprudent to dwell on
the life of the writer, or on his work, as it is
in all the world. In every city of America we
read that he was a brave soldier and a brave
the battle of Iliad, in which he lost his life.
he was also the great and a hero of the
through the blood of his people.
about in the world. He is the only one who
has been in the world.

CERVANTES.

BORN 1549.

MIGUEL CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, that great writer—

“ Whose knight's distinguish'd name,
 Refin'd a nation's lust of fame:
 Whose tales e'en now, with echoes sweet,
 Castilia's Moorish hills repeat,”

Collins.

was born at Madrid, July, 1549.

It would be useless and presumptuous to dwell on the life or the writings of an author so well known to all the world. In every life of Cervantes we read that he was a brave soldier, and was present at the battle of Lepanto, in which he lost his left hand; he was also five years and a half in captivity amongst the Moors, to which he is supposed to allude in his story of the Captive, as well as in his tragedies of Numancia, and the Treaty of Algiers.

Cervantes died at Madrid, in the year 1616, the exact day or even month does not appear to be ascertained. All biographers agree in recording the Christian serenity and cheerfulness with which this great man met his latter end, as well as the fortitude he displayed in the different events of his life. He was extremely fond of reading, particularly poetry and romances, and was well versed in the best works of this kind in the Spanish and Italian languages, as is seen by his judgment on the different poets in the catalogue of Don Quixote's library. He says of himself, "I love reading, even if it were only torn pieces of paper in the streets." He had just finished his romance of the Troubles of Pericles and Sigismunda, when he died, and before it was published the author was no more.—*See Teatro Español.*

His dramas, though not equal to his incomparable prose writings, yet contain beauties of the highest order. His immortal work of Don Quixote, is well described in the words of the bachelor Samson Carrasco, (in the witty conversation between him, Don Quixote, and Sancho Panca, in Don Quixote's house), when he says, "it is so clear that there is no difficulty in understanding it, children are pleased

with it, youths read it, men of riper years enter into its meaning, old men praise it, it is so known, read, and handled by people of all sorts, that no sooner do they see a lean horse than they exclaim, there goes Rosinante.

“In a word, this story is the most entertaining and the least hurtful to the mind that has ever yet appeared; for it does not contain a word which has even the semblance of levity, or a thought that is not strictly Catholic.”—*Don Quixote, Part 2, Book 5, Chapter 3.*

A PRAYER IN TEMPTATION AND DISTRESS.

FATHER of Heaven, thou whose all powerful sway
The Universe, the Earth, and Heaven obey :
Whose ears still hear thy creatures' humble prayers,
Whose justice guides us, and whose mercy spares ;
Send down thy holy spirit from above,
Direct thy suppliant with a Father's love ;
Or lost in chaos must my soul remain,
As pines my body in this captive's chain.
Oh, make my virtue like th' unshaken rock,
Firm 'mid the whirlwind's rage and tempest's shock :
The value of our life does not depend
On length of days, but on a blessed end,
That gives us heavenly life for mortal breath,
And the reverse an everlasting death.

El Trato de Argel, Act 1, Scene 2.

LOPEZ DE VEGA.

BORN 1562.

“ In the plays of Calderon and of Lopez de Vega, we always find the most elevated sentiments.”—*Madame de Staël, de la Litterature Italienne et Espagnole.*

LOPEZ DE VEGA, who belonged to those inspired geniuses of which nature shows us only one in many centuries, was born at Madrid, in the year 1562.

His parents were poor, but of noble family. In his youth he followed a military career, and was present at the famous expedition against England. He was twice married; and after the death of his second wife, became a priest, and died at the age of seventy-three.

Lopez de Vega united every gift which constitutes a great poet. From his infancy, he gave proofs of what he would one day become, for he read both Spanish and Latin at five years of age, and began

to compose for the theatre at eleven. His facility in writing was such, that four and twenty hours sufficed him to compose the longest play.

All his works show an extensive genius, and his verses are flowing, soft, and harmonious. Lopez de Vega is like a fertile field or delightful garden, adorned with the most beautiful flowers of every kind; or, in the words of Cervantes, "He is a rich storehouse of jewels, in which you may select precious stones to suit every taste, and you will find an abundance."—*Introduction al Teatro Español.*

ON THE TRANSIENT NATURE OF EARTHLY
BLESSINGS.

FLOWERS that with the early dawn
So proudly rise to meet the morn ;
And bright with various colours dare
E'en with Aurora's self compare :
Know life itself is but an hour,
And happiness a transient flower ;
For as the night succeeds the day,
So all our pleasures fade away.
Hear my sad tale, my fate deplore,
And transient brightness boast no more :—

“ But yesterday, with joy elate,
I gloried in my happy state,
Was blest with friends, of beauty vain,
The pride of Andalusia's plain :
To-day, I live of all bereft,
Not e'en a trace of glory left.
So all your pride shall fade away,
Ye short-lived beauties of a day,

When once the chilly hand of night,
Shall rest upon your colours bright.
Oh, hear my tale, my fate deplore,
And transient brightness boast no more."

La Moza de Cantaro, Act 2, Scene 1.

CALDERON.

BORN 1601.

CALDERON DE LA BARCA was born at Madrid, in the year 1601. The events of his life very much resemble those of Lopez de Vega. He, too, followed a military career in his younger days, and in the later end of his life devoted himself to religion. He gave very early proofs of genius, and composed for the theatre at fourteen. Several German critics consider Calderon superior to any dramatic writer in modern languages. Schlegel calls him the chief of poets, and says "that no dramatic writer ever painted the affections and passions in more glowing and poetical colours."—*Introduction al Teatro Español.*

LIFE IS BUT A DREAM.

THE life of Man is nothing more
Than fleeting dreams, most swiftly o'er.
The monarch with his pride and state,
With pomp and wealth, and power elate,
But dreams awhile, then yields his breath,
And slumbers in the dream of death.
The rich man dreams of ease and wealth;
The poor of poverty and health:
The soldier dreams of war's alarms;
The free man dreams of freedom's charms;
The sick man dreams of languid pain;
The captive of his dungeon chain:
Yet change or vary as you will,
They are but dreams and visions still.
Oh, what is life with smiles and tears,
With flatt'ring hopes, with anxious fears,

With joy elate, with grief opprest;
'Tis but a passing dream at best,
Fruitless ambition, ill-placed pride,
Since dreams are dreams, and nought beside.

Life is a Dream—last Scene of Act 2.

With joy clear, with grief obscure;
 'Tis but a passing dream at best,
 Fruitless ambition, ill-placed pride,
 Since dreams are dreams, and nothing more.

MELBAUX VILLOSA, 1810

Alexander Valdez a most pleasant and
 named the Spanish American born at Madrid a
 small town in the province of Salamanca, at a
 noble family in very circumstances who took care
 to cultivate the happy talents with which nature
 had endowed him. He was early sent to the Uni-
 versity of Salamanca to pursue his studies, and
 at first looked upon as one of the best scholars
 of the age, he soon neglected his studies for
 and history, which displaced the professors of
 university who valued only science and philosophy,
 yet he afterwards distinguished himself by his
 ardent application, and showed all the genius which
 shone from a brilliant imagination. He was ad-
 mitted to a Doctor's degree at the age of twenty-two.
 The school which he attended in order to

MELENDEZ VALDEZ.

MELENDEZ VALDEZ a most pleasing poet, sur-named the Spanish Anacreon, born at Rivera, a small town in the province of Estremadura, of a noble family in easy circumstances, who took care to cultivate the happy talents with which nature had endowed him. He was early sent to the University of Salamanca to pursue his studies, and was at first looked upon as one of the best students. However, he soon neglected Justinian for Anacreon and Horace, which displeased the professors of the university, who valued only sciences and professions; yet he afterwards distinguished himself by his ardent application, and shewed all the genius which springs from a brilliant imagination. He was admitted to a Doctor's degree at the age of twenty-two. The serious studies he had pursued, in order to

obtain this honour, and to enable him to display his talents with distinction amongst the first lawyers of Spain, did not prevent him from cultivating, at the same time, that gift of poetry which was to render his name immortal; and though the study of philosophy and of the law appeared to engross him entirely, he nevertheless found time to compose verses, and peruse the best models of Greek and Roman antiquity. He also read the modern Classics, Italian, French, and English, and stored his memory with the choicest pieces of poetry from the Spanish literature. His earliest compositions displayed a poetical fancy, and shewed he would become the glory and boast of modern poetry in Spain, a title which has since been confirmed by the suffrages of all people of taste. Melendez might have obtained a professorship of law at the University of Salamanca; but the natural bent of his mind made him decide on a professorship of literature, which he filled with great credit for many years. The Spanish Academy having proposed (in the year 1780) as the subject of a prize poem, the praise of a rural life, Melendez presented himself on the lists as a com-

petitor with Iriarte, and had the glory of carrying away the prize from that celebrated author. A short time after, Melendez published a volume of poetry, which consisted chiefly of Anacreontic pieces, so beautiful and perfect in their kind, that they gained him the title of the Spanish Anacreon.

Charles the Fourth, who knew how to find out and appreciate merit, soon discovered Melendez, and taking him from the college of the university, nominated him (in 1789), judge of the tribunal of appeal at Saragossa, from whence, in 1797, he was called to the capital to fulfil the functions of king's advocate, in the supreme court of justice. In both these courts of law, he gave such proofs of learning and good feeling that they are remembered to this day. When he was judge at Saragossa, he was once obliged to be present at the administration of the rack: after having fulfilled this dreadful office, he addressed a most forcible letter to the king, full of strong reasoning and humane sentiments against the use of that horrible and revolting punishment. This was one of his best compositions. He sent provisions twice a week at his own expense to the prisoners of Saragossa; and when he was in office

at Madrid, supported twelve poor people every day from his own table. About this time, he published two more volumes of poems, in a higher style than his first attempts. Amongst the most remarkable are his sacred and philosophical odes, elegies, epistles, a short poem on the fall of Lucifer, and a comedy or pastoral on the subject of the wedding of Gamacho, taken from the story of Gamacho's wedding in Don Quixote. Melendez was on a mission in the Asturias, when the first troubles in Spain broke out, and was near becoming the victim of a popular insurrection. Soon after, the whole of Spain having submitted to the law of the conqueror, our poet, who was held in the highest estimation by his countrymen, was sought after by the new government, who nominated him councillor of state and director-general of public instruction; but being afterwards obliged, for his personal safety, to follow the French army in their retreat at the time of the evacuation of Spain, Melendez was destined never again to behold the delightful climate which gave him birth, or the rays of that sun under which his genius had so happily expanded itself. He died at Montpelier, 24th of May, 1817,

in the arms of his wife and of a nephew who had voluntarily come to share his exile.

His friends, his companions in misfortune, and all the French to whom he was known, lamented in him an excellent, amiable, and worthy man, as admirable for the qualities of his heart, as he was for his literary talents.—*Biographie Etrangère*.

The disposition of Melendez Valdez is shewn in the manner in which he expresses himself, in the preface to his works, of which the following is an extract;—"From my earliest years, my feelings, the perusal of the best models, and if I may venture to say so much, an irresistible inclination, have familiarized me with the Muses; and in this delightful employment, I have found the greatest pleasures, and the best consolations in the days of happiness or sorrow, of which our frail existence is alternately composed, and which fill up the short circle of our life. My mind, naturally susceptible and fond of solitude, has often left them almost with tears, when called away by the imperious voice of duty.

"And who can be insensible to the attractions of literature and the fine arts? Can they be called a useless recreation, or incompatible with other

serious engagements in life? They form the taste, soften the manners, make life delightful, add to the charms of friendship, perfect the pleasures of society, bind men together by closer ties, and afford them relief and amusement in their various cares and occupations."—*Advertencia de Melendez Valdez.*

EPISTLE

ADDRESSED TO HIS FRIEND AND PATRON DON
GASPAR DE JOVILLANOS*.

To thee, my much-loved friend, my gentle muse
Offers the first-fruits of her voice—a pledge
Of purest friendship, truest gratitude.
To thee I dedicate my verse, the loved
Amusement of my early youth, with which
Beside the flowing Tormes' rural banks,
I sooth'd the hours with softest harmony.

To thee, my friend, I consecrate them now,
As the young son unto the father brings
The gifts which his affection first bestowed;
For it was thee who animated first
My early efforts, and who shewed the road
Wherein I ought to walk. The arduous way

* This epistle is the second of those composed by Melendez Valdez, but it was originally a dedication of the first volume of his works to his friend (in 1785). The original has many beauties, blended with the most refined sentiments of friendship and gratitude. Nothing can surpass the moral tone and feeling of all the poems composed by this author.

By which Anacreon and Horace climbed,
And gained the height of fame, Tibullus too.
“ Fear not,” thou saidst, “ to follow in their steps,
Phœbus and Love await thee at the end,
To crown thy brows with roses and with bays.”

I ventured to begin; thy skilful voice
Animated my soul with cheering praise,
And still repeating soft harmonious sounds,
Taught me to strike the sweet resounding chords.
Or if sometimes my courage failed, thy voice,
With powerful entreaty, called me back
Unto the arduous task. Therefore, to thee
The fruit of all my toils is due, and thou
Alone canst be their sure and firm support.

Others, oh, Jovino, will sing the fame
Of warriors, the rude and bloody shock
Of hostile armies meeting in the vale,
Strewing the peaceful plain with dreadful scenes,
And desolation following the car
Of hapless victory, sad scenes of woe
And madness, and from which humanity
Turns with a shudder. Others too may lash
Vice with their rod, instructing men to laugh
At their own follies; while some, soaring high,

Try to explain the laws by which the earth
Moves round the sun, or how his beams can pierce
Unto the distant Saturn; in a word,
How order rises from confusion, how
This mighty whole is governed and upheld.
But my more peaceful, unambitious muse,
Ventures not such bold themes. The gentle note
Of the soft warbling linnet, the clear stream
Murmuring thro' beds of painted flowers,
The varied flight of the gay butterfly,
Call forth her voice; while on the verdant meed,
I try to sing harmonious sounds which oft
The echo's voice repeats along the vale.

While thou, my friend, from the tribunal high
Of our august and venerated law,
Proclaim'st its power around. On thy right hand
Sits justice, happy to obey thy voice;
Sacred humanity and patriot love
Inflame thy bosom and direct thy steps;
And fame well pleas'd proclaims thy deeds to all
Madrid, which glories in the blest results
Of thy unceasing labours. Oh, how oft
My heart has melted, and in tears of joy
Poured itself forth as I convers'd with thee.

How oft too in retirement have we given
The hours to Minerva, and well-pleased
The goddess heard our voice. The passing time
How swift it glided by—returning dawn
Would find us still at our beloved research.
Or when retiring from the bustling world,
We sought the royal garden: there, oh, there,
What moments have we passed; thy words alone
Inspired my genius; and my thoughts, my fire,
The high enthusiasm of my soul,
All, all, are thine, my friend. Correct, reprove,
And perfect what thou hast begun. Let all
Know that thou art my muse, and that I owe
To thy blest friendship what I have of fire.
Oh, how my heart rejoices in this truth,
And how my tender gratitude exults
In publishing it owes its all to thee.
While I was yet unknown, while yet obscure,
My genius lay oppress'd in darkest clouds,
Thou, oh my friend, didst turn to me those eyes,
Whose mild benignant influence ever beam'd
On arts and genius, stretching forth to me
A fostering hand to bring me to the light.
To me thou art a master, father, friend:
By thee instructed still, to think, to feel—

I am thy pupil, and my name, my bays,
Belong to thee alone; and if I dare
To climb to glory's temple with bold steps,
Or if one day the tones of this my lyre
Should be repeated by a future race,
How sweetly shall my gratitude resound,
And be entwined with each success I gain.
Oh, happy day, oh moment ever blest,
Was that which first our souls united
In such a firm and pleasing bond: one thought,
One wish, one taste, one genius, and yet more—
One equal friendship. All this was required
To make our union perfect; and all this
Doubles the charm and makes it still endure.

Indulgent friendship, heavenly delight,
An earthly imitation of the pure
Felicity of the celestial troop:
Fountain of every good, the firm support
Of holy virtue. Thou alone can'st make
Life happy, and can'st charm our dull career!
Oh, come inflame Batilio and his friend,
And let them be examples of thy power.
My verses have been dictated by thee,
By thee inspired. Do thou present them now

To my most chosen friend. Preserve them well,
That they to future ages may remain
A model of thy power, and shew mankind
Our names and our affections ever joined.

ON RICHES.

“ The Lily Peace outshines the silver store,
And Life is dearer than the golden ore.”

Collins, Eclogue 2.

ALREADY of Life's vernal day
Full nineteen years have passed away ;
Like a fleet dream their course they sped ;
Whither, oh, whither, are they fled !
With tears I now their loss deplore,
Would that these tears could one restore !
While I their rapid flight bemoan,
Further, still further, are they flown ;
Nor all earth's treasures, east or west,
Could they be all by me possess'd,
Would purchase one brief hour's delay,
Or gain one moment passed away.
Then, Gold, thine aid I seek no more,
Why prize we thus thy glittering store ?
Why evermore for thee contend ?
Why strength and leisure for thee spend ?

Had Fortune power to impart
More peace of mind, more joy of heart,
Could she but add one virtue more,
Or one by-gone delight restore,
Then would I seek her far and wide,
O'er desert plains or ocean's tide;
But since such good she cannot give,
Without her aid I well can live.

YRIARTE.

THOMAS DE YRIARTE, a celebrated Spanish writer, was born in the Island of Canary. He held the place of Head Keeper of the Archives in the administration of Foreign Affairs, and afterwards in the Secretary of State's office, at Madrid. He published a Poem on Music, also a Book of Fables (on literary subjects), which are very well known, and other poetical works. During the latter years of the reign of Charles the Third, he was persecuted by the Inquisition of Madrid, as being suspected of professing an anti-catholic philosophy, and was restricted within the walls of the city, with an order to hold himself ready to appear whenever he should be called upon: the process was carried on privately, and though he answered all the accusations brought against him in the most satisfactory manner, yet the inquisitors did not think it sufficient to acquit him, and they pronounced him slightly suspected: he

then abjured his errors, and obtained absolution in secret. The penance imposed upon him was so strictly concealed, that very few people knew any thing of it.

Don Thomas de Yriarte had two brothers; one, called Don Dominico, was employed in the diplomatic line, and concluded a treaty of peace with the French Republic at Bâle; and the other, Don Bernardo, was a councillor in the Indies, and knight of the Royal Order of Charles the Third: he afterwards joined Joseph Buonaparte when he became King of Spain, 1808, and was named councillor of state, but died a few years afterwards. He also was well known in literature and politics, and was the last of this distinguished family.—*Biographie Etrangère.*

ODE ON HORACE.

“ Vaglia mi'l lungo studio e'l grande amore.”

Dante.

My dearest friend lived far away,
Yet much has cheered life's dreary day.
Full eighteen centuries are past,
Since this my friend has breathed his last:
His name was Horace—and his mind
Each varied excellence combined:
A sage's wisdom—yet his lyre
Glowed with the Muse's choicest fire;
Ten books of verse he left behind,
The dearest solace of my mind.
How true his heart in friendship glowed,
He to his rival Virgil shewed;
And to Augustus' royal name,
His grateful verse still added fame.
His muse with love of virtue moved,
The vices of old Rome reprov'd:

Sometimes with censure grave alarmed,
Sometimes with sportive satire charmed,
So sure he marks the poet's way,
None can with safety from him stray.
His face I never can behold,
Save graven on medallions old,
Yet as a friend his name is dear,
Whose verses so my bosom cheer:
Where'er I stray they're still my guide,
(And oft by memory supplied),
In him a library I find,
To soothe, divert, and raise my mind;
And oh, so much his books contain,
The more I learn, the more I still may gain.

THE LINNET.

A FABLE.

“Libertà va cercando ch'è sì cara.”

Dante.

A LADY once a favourite bird,
To all her favourites preferred:
A Linnet, pretty, light, and gay,
Whose cheering songs her cares repay.
Each morning to her hand he came
With fond caresses, bold yet tame:
Her lovely hands like marble fair,
Adorned his cage with nicest care.
So constantly her kindness flowed,
So hourly was her care bestowed,
Her lover, whose devoted mind,
No such return of love could find,
Grew almost jealous that a bird
Should be so much to him preferred;

But 'tis a truth that all allow,
That nought is constant here below :
One summer's morn it chanced betide,
His cage's door was opened wide,
And glad to greet the sun's bright ray,
The little prisoner flew away ;
He mounts in triumph through the skies,
And sings of freedom as he flies.
Meantime the lady much did grieve,
Her thankless bird his cage should leave,
Yet sure he must return: for where—
How can he meet such tender care ?
But this kind lady did not know
The pleasures that from freedom flow ;
For 'tis a matchless good so dear,
Without it no delight can cheer ;
Nor all the pomp this world can boast,
Can compensate for freedom lost*.

* The original of this fable was given to me by a friend (a Spanish lady) who was unacquainted with the name of the author.

CAMOENS.

BORN 1517.

“ The versification of the *Lusiad* has such a charm and dignity in the original language, that not only the Portuguese of education, but the people of all ranks, know many of the stanzas by heart, and sing them with the greatest delight.”—*Madame de Staël, Articles insérés dans la Biographie Universelle.*

“ Lovely were thy thoughts. Thy song was like the music of harps on the gale of spring. The light of thy fame is great.”—*Ossian.*

LOUIS CAMOENS, the poet of Portugal, was born, according to the most authentic accounts, about the year 1517, at Lisbon, though Coimbra and Santarem dispute this honor. He united the qualities of a brave soldier, to the most splendid talents as a poet. It was not in the ease and retirement of a study, but amid the tumult and hurry of a life of hardship and warfare, that he rendered his name immortal: it was not in the sunshine of a court or of royal

favour, but in the midst of poverty and neglect, that he cultivated the rich gifts nature had bestowed upon him, ever favoured by the Muses, though neglected by fortune. He lamented his frequent absences from his native land, from the fair fields of Portugal, and the delightful banks of Mondego, in the sweetest verse.

He had the misfortune to lose his right eye in a naval combat with the Moors, on the coast of Africa. On another occasion, when sailing from Goa to Camboia he was shipwrecked, but saved himself by swimming to the shore with one hand, while he held his poem (the *Lusiad*) in the other.

He returned to Lisbon in the year 1569, and in 1572 published the *Lusiad*, which was received by the public with the greatest applause; so much so that the first edition was exhausted in less than a year. Sebastian, King of Portugal, shewed every disposition to favour and reward the merit of Camoens; but on the death of that monarch, he sunk into such neglect and poverty, that he subsisted on the alms collected for him by his servant, through whose fidelity alone he was saved from destitution. During his last illness he is said to have written the following words:—"Alas! that

fortune should choose so small a theatre as this poor couch, to exhibit so much misery; and as if that was not enough, I seem to take part with her, since it appears almost presumption to strive against so many misfortunes." His prolonged illness gave him time to prepare for death as a good Christian, and he departed from this world with great tranquillity, in the year 1579. He was buried in the church of the monastery of St. Ann, without any mark of distinction; but a monument was afterwards erected to his memory by Don Gonzalo Continho, with the following epitaph:—

HERE LIES LOUIS CAMOENS,
THE PRINCE OF THE POETS OF HIS AGE,
WHO LIVED POOR AND NEGLECTED,
AND DIED THE SAME,
IN THE YEAR
1579.

Nature, and the cultivation of letters, contributed to endue Camoens with a pleasing disposition and rare gifts of mind. He was affable in his deportment, cheerful in conversation, liberal towards his friends, an honorer of merit, an enemy to vice, attached to his country, courageous on all occasions where courage was required, constant in adversity.

Of the powers of his genius his works give sufficient testimony*.—See *Compendio da Vida, de Louis de Camoens*.

* The subject of the poem of the *Lusiad* is the discovery of the East Indies by the Portuguese, and the expedition conducted by Vasco da Gama, in the year 1497.

Camoens' smaller poems are full of sweetness, and much resemble those of Petrarch.

MONODY.

FROM ECLOGUE I.

LIFE of my soul, affection of my heart,
Most blessed spirit, in whose happy light
My own rejoiced, e'er thou didst hence depart:
Thou from thy prisonhouse hast winged thy flight,
And from this world hast sought thy heavenly home
From whence thou cam'st, e'en here thy first delight.
If in that world our earthly griefs are known,
(And earthly memory still a place can find),
Behold the tears I shed for thee alone,
Nor passing time can heal this wounded mind,
Till life is o'er and grief to death resign'd.
But thou, oh gentle spirit, who dost view
Far other scenes, listening to heavenly lyres
On fairer plains, 'mid flowers of brighter hue,
Whose soul all purified from earth aspires,
Unto that heavenly height whence thou may'st view
A scene which more celestial thoughts inspires

Thou seest now the course of that bright sun,
Which lights this lower world with its fair rays,
Round which the planets their fixed courses run;
Oh, if thou hast not lost in this new blaze,
The thought of me, if yet not all undone
The power of memory by Lethe's waves,
Oh, turn thine eyes once more to this lone plain;
Behold the tears which still unceasing flow
O'er this deaf marble sadly and in vain;
And if in heavenly scenes our human woe
Can find a place, affection's plaintive strain,
And grief which those above no more can know,
Thou still may'st feel compassion for my tears,
And spite of fate we yet may hope once more
(That hope e'en now my sinking spirit cheers)
To meet when this life and its griefs are o'er.

PLEASURE FOLLOWED BY AFFLICTION.

My brother, 'tis by nature still decreed,
And by a law most constant, fixed, and sure,
That sorrow should to pleasure still succeed,
And pleasure never may for long endure.
So winter chases summer from the mead,
And day soon dwindles into night obscure.
If aught is constant in this earthly state,
It is this rule of nature and of fate.

Eclogue 1.

AFFECTION ETERNAL.

AFFECTION may not be by absence lost,
Still less shall death destroy true friendship's boast;
The soul is deathless, she must still remain,
And deathless as the soul is friendship's flame.

From Elegy 2.

TO THE RIVER MONDEGO.

WRITTEN DURING HIS ABSENCE FROM HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

OH, gentle waters of Mondego's stream,
Where oft my mournful memory finds repose,
Where once deceitful hope beguiled my woes,
And led me blindly in a pleasing dream:
I quit thee now, yet will I not deny,
That wheresoe'er my footsteps fate may guide,
My fancy still shall wander by thy side,
In thought more near, the further still I fly.
Let adverse fate this weary frame convey
To many a foreign clime and distant shore,
From my dear home and country far away;
Yet on light wings my thoughts to them shall soar,
And oft by thy pure stream shall calmly stray,
Though the wild winds or ocean round me roar.

Sonnet 109.

FRENCH.

MALHERBE.BORN 1555.

FRANÇOIS DE MALHERBE, a very celebrated French poet, born at Caen, in Normandy, 1555, of a noble and ancient family. He left his country at the age of seventeen, and went to Provence, where he attached himself to the family of Henry D'Angouleme, whom he served till that prince was unfortunately killed by Altoviti, in 1586. Malherbe married the daughter of a president of Provence, and had several children, all of whom died before him.

The Cardinal du Perron having been informed of the merit and talents of our poet, made him known to Henry the Fourth, who held him in high esteem. After the death of that great monarch, the queen Mary de Medecis bestowed a pension of 500 crowns upon him.

It is to Malherbe that the French language owes

its perfection; he rendered it pure, flowing, harmonious, and majestic. He died at Paris, under the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, in 1628, after having lived under six of our kings. He was born under Henry the Second. His works consist of Paraphrases of the Psalms, Odes, Stanzas, Sonnets, &c. Malherbe so much excels all the poets who preceded him, that he is justly looked upon as the father of French poetry.—*Biographie Universelle.*

TO A FATHER ON THE DEATH OF HIS CHILD.

MY much-loved friend, will thy parental grief
Eternally endure?

Will not the hand of time bestow relief
Thy wounded heart to cure?

Thy child reposes in her early tomb,
'Tis fit thy tears should fall;
Yet still remember while you mourn her doom,
It is the fate of all.

I know how powerful was her childhood's charm
In thy paternal eyes;
Nor do I seek thy sorrows to disarm,
By seeming to despise.

But she was of a world where things most dear
Are soonest past and gone:
A rose she was, and thus her short career
Was but a summer's morn.

Death of all tyrants is the most severe,
And deaf to all our cries,
He still pursues his pitiless career,
Nor heeds our weeping eyes.

The peasant 'neath his straw-roofed cot must yield*
To that dread hour;
Nor can the guards around the Louvre shield
Our monarchs from its power†.

* *Second Translation:—*

The peasant in his cot must bend to fate,
And feel that dreaded hour,
Nor can the chosen guards on kings that wait,
Defend them from its power.

† “Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.”—*Hor. Od. liv. 1, od. 4.*

MOLIERE.

BORN 1620.

JOHN BAPTISTE POCQUELIN, called MOLIERE, was born 1620. His father was upholsterer to the king, and at the same time carried on the trade of a broker; and during his earlier days, this author was brought up to attend his father's shop, but his grandfather having occasionally taken him to the theatre, he soon conceived an aversion to that trade, and entreated his father to send him to school; which request he at last obtained. He attended a class at the Jesuits' College, where he became acquainted with Armand de Bourbon, first prince of Conti, who was then at that college, and formed an intimacy with Chapelle and Bernier, who were students at the same time. Our poet's father having become infirm, he was obliged to

exercise the functions of his employment to the king (Louis the Thirteenth), whom he followed in his journey to Narbonne, 1641. On his return to Paris, he associated himself with some young people who had a talent for declamation. At this time he took the name of Moliere, and began to compose small pieces for the theatre. His first comedy was *L'Etourdi*, which was followed by *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. They were acted at Lyons, 1653, in the presence of the Prince de Conti, who wished Moliere to become his secretary; but he preferred giving himself up entirely to his taste for the theatre; and when his friends blamed him for refusing so advantageous an employment—"Gentlemen," said he, "do not let us put ourselves out of our places: I am a tolerable author, if I may believe the public voice, and I might be a very bad secretary." From Grenoble he went to Rouen, in 1658, and from thence to Paris, where he obtained the protection of Gaston of France, who presented him to the king (Louis the Fourteenth) and to the queen-mother. He acted in the presence of their majesties, and his company was taken into the service of the king in 1665: it was then that real good taste in comedy prevailed on the French theatre. Moliere attacked

and turned into ridicule all the vices and follies of the age in which he lived. He was as good an actor as he was an excellent poet, and surpassed himself in the performance of *Le Malade Imaginaire*, which was his last piece; but as unfortunately he was really ill, it was with great difficulty he could get through the fourth representation of it; and taking to his bed as soon as he left the theatre, his cough increased, and he died the same day from the rupture of a blood vessel, February the 16th, 1673, aged 53 years.

One day during the performance of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, an old man called out from the pit, "Courage, Moliere, go on, that is real good comedy." Moliere was mild, compassionate, and generous. A beggar having one day returned him a piece of gold which he had given him by mistake, "Oh, virtue," exclaimed Moliere, "where do you go to hide yourself," and turning to the poor man, said, "There, my friend, is another for you."

We are assured that he always read his comedies to an old housekeeper, and if he found she was not struck with the wit, he altered it. He likewise invited children to hear his comedies read, in

order to take hints from the native expression of their feelings; in a word, he neglected nothing to bring his works to the highest perfection, and he succeeded.

TRISSOTIN AND VADIUS*,

TRISSOTIN.

THE beauty of your verses is divine.

VADIUS.

In your's the loves and graces mingled shine.

TRISSOTIN.

You have an easy and harmonious flow.

VADIUS.

Pathos and feeling in your couplets glow.

TRISSOTIN.

Your eclogues are in such charms arrayed,
Compared with you, e'en Virgil's merits fade.

* The conversation of two authors in *Les Précieuses Ridicules*.

VADIUS.

You have a bright and witty turn of mind,
That leaves your favourite Horace far behind.

TRISSOTIN.

Unequalled graces in your songs are found.

VADIUS.

Your sonnets charm us with their plaintive sound.

TRISSOTIN.

Your little rondos have so fine a turn.

VADIUS.

Your madrigals with fires poetic burn.

TRISSOTIN.

But, above all, your ballads I adore.

VADIUS.

Your playful rhymes I could read o'er and o'er.

TRISSOTIN.

If France bestowed your proper meed of praise—

VADIUS.

Did we not live in these degenerate days—

TRISSOTIN.

In a triumphant car you would be borne:

VADIUS.

Your statue would our public streets adorn.

This is a ballad, if you would bestow [*To Trissotin.*

A moment's leisure on it—

TRISSOTIN (*interrupting him*).

Do you know

A certain little sonnet lately writ

On the Princess Urania's fever fit.

VADIUS.

I heard it at a party yesterday.

TRISSOTIN.

You know the author of it, I dare say?

VADIUS.

Indeed I do not, but I know enough,

To know the verses are egregious stuff.

TRISSOTIN.

Yet many people praise it to the skies.

VADIUS.

Yet not the less the sonnet I despise,
And had you seen it, you would think so too.

TRISSOTIN.

Indeed in that I should dissent from you,
For such a sonnet very few could frame.

VADIUS.

Well, Heaven forbid that I should write the same.

TRISSOTIN.

And I maintain no better could be shewn,
And my great reason is, it is my own.

VADIUS.

Your's?

TRISSOTIN.

Mine.

VADIUS.

Indeed, I know not how the thing could be.

TRISSOTIN.

It did not hit your fancy, that I see.

VADIUS.

Perhaps your sonnet was but poorly read;
Or, perhaps, something else was in my head.
But never mind—my ballad read with care.

TRISSOTIN.

A ballad is at best a poor affair,
Trivial and childish—out of fashion too.

VADIUS.

Many, however, have a different view.

TRISSOTIN.

At least it never will be to my taste.

VADIUS.

It does not follow that it is disgraced.

TRISSOTIN.

Pedants therein may great attractions find.

VADIUS.

And yet we see it is not to your mind.

TRISSOTIN.

You have more right unto a pedant's name.

VADIUS.

You give me qualities which you should claim.

TRISSOTIN.

Go, foolish scribbler, no more nonsense trace.

VADIUS.

Go, sorry rhymers, of the art, disgrace.

TRISSOTIN.

Impudent plagiarist! your thefts restore.

VADIUS.

Low satirist!

PHILAMINTE (*interfering*).

Oh, gentlemen, no more.

TRISSOTIN, *to Vadius.*

Go, and restore the thefts from Virgil made.

VADIUS.

Go, and ask pardon of great Horace's shade.

Implore forgiveness of his injured fame;

For dressed by you, e'en his bright wit is lame.

TRISSOTIN.

Think of your works, no fame, and little sale.

VADIUS.

Remember your librarian, in a jail.

TRISSOTIN.

In vain you slander my established name.

VADIUS.

The author of the satires gives you fame.

TRISSOTIN.

And you too owe him much.

VADIUS.

At least, I see,

He makes a diff'rence between you and me:

He gives me now and then a passing hit,
With many others of acknowledged wit,
While criticisms 'gainst you never cease,
He never leaves you for a week in peace.

TRISSOTIN.

'Tis of this very satire I am proud,
He overlooks you in the worthless crowd:
He thinks one stroke enough to lay you low,
Nor honours you with a repeated blow;
But he attacks me in a single fight,
And knows that I require all his might;
The blows he never ceases to repeat,
Shews that he thinks his victory incomplete.

VADIUS.

My pen shall prove if you are first or me.

TRISSOTIN.

And mine shall soon make you your master see.

VADIUS.

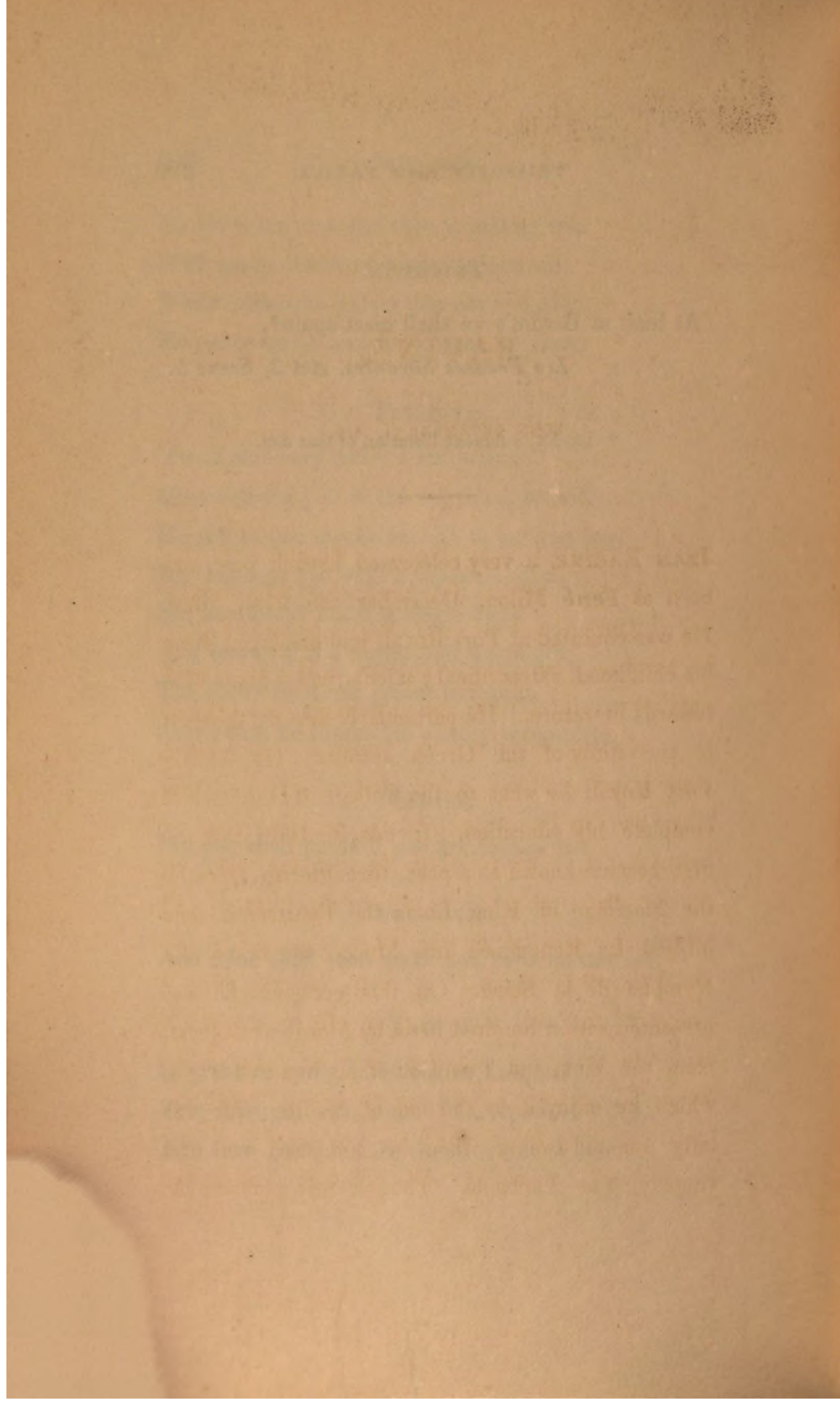
In prose or verse, in Greek or Latin, try
Your strength with mine. Your powers I defy,
And soon you'll see the threat is not in vain.

TRISSOTIN.

At least at Bardin's we shall meet*.

Les Femmes Savantes, Act 3, Scene 5.

* Bardin, a famous librarian of that day.



RACINE.

BORN DECEMBER 21, 1639.

JEAN RACINE, a very celebrated French poet, was born at Ferté Milon, December the 21st, 1639. He was educated at Port Royal, and displayed, from his childhood, extraordinary talents, and a great bent towards literature. He particularly devoted himself to the study of the Greek authors. On leaving Port Royal, he went to the College d'Harcourt to complete his education. It was in 1660 that he first became known as a poet, through two Odes on the Marriage of King Louis the Fourteenth, one intitled *La Renommée aux Muses*, the other, *La Nymphe de la Seine*. On this occasion, he was presented with a hundred louis, by Monsieur Colbert, from the king, and a pension of six hundred livres, which he enjoyed to the end of his life. He was only one-and-twenty when he composed his first tragedy, *The Thébaïde*. Though this play cannot

be compared to the best pieces of Corneille, it was received with distinguished applause. Racine then wrote in succession ten other tragedies, which, even to this day, rival those of Corneille in public opinion. Whichever of these two great men may be preferred, no one will deny that Racine possessed genius, feeling, and every other quality of a real poet. It was about this time of his life, that he formed a strict and unalterable friendship with Boileau, whom he consulted on all his works to the end of his life.

Racine was received at the French academy in the year 1673, and in 1677, Louis the Fourteenth chose him, together with Boileau, to write the history of his reign. His *Phédre* appeared this same year, and was the last of his theatrical pieces, except those on religious subjects. The deep sentiments of religion, which had been early implanted in him, returned with so much ardour, that, though only thirty-eight years of age, he entirely gave up writing for the theatre. He soon after married Catherine de Romanet, and in the year 1690 was appointed gentleman in ordinary and secretary to the king. He afterwards at the request of Madame de Maintenon, composed the sacred play of *Esther*, and soon afterwards that of *Athalie*. This last is,

perhaps, the finest tragedy in the French language; yet it was, at first, coldly received, while Esther drew forth general applause. Racine complained of this to Boileau, who assured him that *Athalie* was his masterpiece. "I understand these things," said he, "the public will take to it in the long run." It proved so, but it was not till the regency of the Duke of Orleans; and Racine had not the satisfaction of seeing his friend's prediction accomplished. After the composition of *Athalie*, he gave himself up to writing the history of the king's reign. Louis the Fourteenth supplied Racine with all the memoirs necessary for this undertaking, and by his desire he accompanied his sovereign in several campaigns, in order to be an eye-witness of the events which he was to transmit to posterity. When he had composed any piece of more than usual interest, he communicated it to the king, who had great pleasure in his society, and who was fond of hearing him read aloud, as he possessed a special talent for making those who listened to him, feel the beauties of whatever he read. About this time, some of his friends persuaded him to draw up a memorial on the sufferings of the people, and on the best way of relieving them. He confided this memoir to Madame

de Mainténon, who imprudently shewed it to the king. His majesty, though he praised Racine's well intended zeal, yet considered that he interfered with things that did not concern him, and exclaimed hastily, "Because he composes beautiful verses, does he think he knows every thing? and because he is a great poet, would he become a minister?" These words, uttered by a monarch and benefactor whom he adored, made too great an impression on the sensitive mind of our poet, and he is said never entirely to have recovered his spirits afterwards. He ended his life at Paris, April the 21st, 1699, at the age of 60. During the last few days of his life, he gave an affecting proof of his friendship to Boileau. Racine's brother having written a letter to Monsieur de Cavoie, to solicit the payment of the pension due to him, in order to leave some ready money to his family; and the letter being shewn to Racine, "Why," said he, "have you not also asked the payment of Boileau's pension. We must not be separated. Begin your letter over again, and let Boileau know that I was his friend in death." When he took his last farewell of him, he raised himself up in his bed, and embracing his friend with all the strength he had left, said, "I regard it as a blessing to die

before you." He had all his life entertained a great fear of death; but, in his last illness, religion entirely conquered these terrors, and the tranquillity of his last moments was a subject of admiration and edification to all those who witnessed them.—See *Dictionnaire Historique*, also, *Mémoires sur la Vie de Jean Racine*.

Racine left seven children, one of whom (Louis) was afterwards well known by his poems on Religion and Grace. He inherited much of the genius, and all the virtues, of his father.

HYMN.—IN PRAISE OF CHARITY.

FROM ST. PAUL, 1 COR. CHAP. 13.

THE world and all its trifling joys
No longer now my soul employs ;
In vain the wicked sing its praise,
Truth can alone our feelings raise ;
To-day may thoughts divine inspire,
To charity, I consecrate my lyre.

Though every language were mine own,
To men or even angels known,
Though I with tuneful song could raise
Through all the world my Maker's praise,
Yet without charity, my prayer
Is but a tuneless cymbal in the air.

Although unto my soul were given
To pierce the mysteries of heaven ;

Although the future to my sight
Were like the present clear and bright;
Yet without charity I deem,
This science were a light and passing dream.

Although my faith—celestial grace,
Could make e'en mountains change their place;
Pour streamlets o'er the barren plain,
Or raise the dead to life again;
Yet vain were every pious deed,
Whose source did not from charity proceed.

Though all my fortune I should give
To bid my poorer brethren live;
Though zealous for a Christian's name,
I gave my body to the flame;
Yet without charity I fail,
The costly sacrifice would nought avail.

What blended virtues do we trace
In thee, oh favoured child of Grace!
Still in thy company we find
Mildness and gentleness combined;
And patience quieting the heart,
With Peace, her sister, never far apart.

The orb of day's returning reign,
Dispels night's shadows from the plain,
So, by thine eye, benign, serene,
Envy is driven from the scene,
Whose fatal influence is so wide,
With all the troop of vices sprung from pride.

Free from ambition or from art,
Hating injustice, meek of heart,
Truth can alone thy conduct guide;
And how should anger e'er preside
Over a heart, which does not feel
For worldly interest a selfish zeal.

Free from inexorable pride,
And pleas'd another's fault to hide
With the most fair and favoring veil,
What triumphs to thy glory fail?
Charity is for ever sure,
Will hope, believe, and conquer, and endure.

One day the gift of tongues will cease,
The light of science may decrease;
God will give oracles no more,
And miracles will then be o'er,

Charity does on naught depend,
Eternal in its source, it knows no end.

The brightest knowledge here reveal'd,
By clouds of error is concealed;
But God himself one day will deign
To manifest his heavenly reign,
And knowledge to our souls impart,
E'en as he now can penetrate our heart.

Above all gifts that merit praise,
A heavenly edifice to raise,
By faith be the foundation laid,
By hope divine the towers arrayed;
Yet must true charity complete
Our work, ere for a heavenly mansion meet.

Oh, Charity! Oh, grace benign!
Oh, where can I, 'mid light divine,
Sing forth my praises to thy name;
And, fired with thy celestial flame,
Draw from that source where joys abound,
And where true pleasures only can be found?

HYMN.—THE CHRISTIAN'S LAMENTATION ON
THE CONTRADICTIONS HE EXPERIENCES
IN HIS OWN MIND.

TAKEN FROM ST. PAUL, ROMANS, CHAP. 7.

OH, pity, Lord, this inward strife,
Two spirits rule my heart;
One bids to thee devote my life,
Nor from thy ways depart;
The other, rebel to thy will,
Against thy law revolts me still.

The one all bright celestial fire,
Would lead me to the skies;
Bids me to heavenly bliss aspire,
And all the rest despise;
The other by it's fatal weight,
Still bends me to this earthy state.

Amidst this warfare of my mind,
Where can I look for peace?
I seek, but ah, I never find;
My struggles never cease:
The good I would I ne'er obtain,
Evil still holds me in it's chain.

Oh, Grace! Oh ray of light divine,
Calm thou my struggling soul;
And to thy yoke, strict, yet benign,
My passions all control:
Me as thy willing servant save,
No more of sin and death the slave.

And the nature of my mind

When can I look for peace?

I said, but ah, I never said:

It's always a new way

The good I want I can't find

I'll wait, I'll wait, I'll wait

Oh, I said, Oh, I said, Oh, I said

And then the night came

And to my soul, what for?

And now, the night is all around

And now, the night is all around

And now, the night is all around

And now, the night is all around

And now, the night is all around

And now, the night is all around

And now, the night is all around

And now, the night is all around

And now, the night is all around

And now, the night is all around

And now, the night is all around

And now, the night is all around

And now, the night is all around

And now, the night is all around

MASSILLON.

BORN 1663.

JEAN BAPTISTE MASSILLON, Bishop of Clermont, and one of the greatest preachers of the eighteenth century, was born at Hieres, in Provence, in 1663. He entered the convent of Les Pères de l'Oratoire, where he distinguished himself by his talents, which was the occasion of his being called to Paris. He there preached with universal applause, nor was he less admired at the court. At the end of the first advent, Louis the Fourteenth said to him, "My father, I have heard many great orators in the pulpit, and have been much pleased with them; but every time I have heard you, I have been very much displeased with myself."

"Massillon was nominated to the bishopric of Clermont in 1717, and was received into the French

academy, 1719. The mildness of his disposition, and his sociable habits, made him averse to all kinds of contention, and he tried every possible means to conciliate the theologians of different sentiments in his diocese. He died, September the 28th, 1742, at the age of seventy-nine.

“In his sermons we find more of feeling than of didactic declamation; they are at once pathetic, full of the overflowings of a mind deeply penetrated with the truth which it teaches others, a profound knowledge of the human heart, the most just and refined thoughts, the most elegant expressions, and a style at once full, concise, and powerful.”—*Biographie Universelle*.

“He excels in that qualification of an orator which could alone supply the place of every other; in that eloquence, which makes its way directly to the soul, which moves without overpowering it, which awakens without terrifying it, which penetrates to its inmost recesses without wounding it. He seeks out the most hidden folds of our heart, in which our passions are wont to conceal themselves, and brings to view the many secret sophisms by

which they first blind, and then lead us astray. In order to combat and to destroy these sophisms, he seems only to developpe them; but he does it with so sublime and affecting an eloquence, that he rather elevates than subdues us, and while he gives us a picture of our vices, he at the same time pleases and attaches us.

“ His language, always easy and pure, is full of that noble simplicity, without which there is neither good taste nor true oratory. A simplicity, which is the more graceful in Massillon, from being united to the most attractive harmony of words, and what completes the magic of this enchanting style is, that we feel all these numerous beauties were spontaneous, and were poured forth without effort by the author. Sometimes even in his expressions, in the turn of his sentences, in the harmony of his style, there are negligences, which may truly be called happy, since they completely efface, not only the stamp of labour, but even the suspicion of it.

“ It was by this forgetfulness of himself, that Massillon won as many friends as auditors. He knew, that, the more an orator wishes to command admiration, the less those who listen to him

are disposed to grant it; and that this ambition is the stumbling-block of so many preachers, who though charged (if we may so express ourselves) with the interests of God himself, mix up with them the trifling interests of their own vanity."—

D'Alembert, Eloge de Massillon.

PROVIDENCE.

How great, how magnificent is the world! What wisdom, order, and beauty the government of states and empires offers to our view, when we behold in it a Providence which disposes of every thing, from one end of the earth to the other, by order, rule, and proportion; a Providence, which beholds the most distant events in their causes; whose will contains the causes of all those events; who gives to the world princes and sovereigns, according to the designs of his justice, or of his mercy to the people; who gives peace, who permits war, according to the views of his wisdom; who bestows on monarchs wise or corrupt ministers; who dispenses good or bad success, as may best favour the fulfilment of his designs; who regulates the course of human passions, and who, by decrees, inexplicable to us, makes even the malice of men serve to forward his divine purposes! Considered under this point of

view, as governed by the sovereign master of all things, how great is the world! how full of order, harmony, and beauty!

But if we consider the world separate from Providence, if we view it by itself, we shall behold nothing but human passions which seem to be the spring of every thing. It becomes a mere chaos, a theatre of trouble and confusion, in which nothing is in its place—Where the impious often enjoy the reward of virtue—Where the good man often shares the sorrows and disgrace of the wicked—Where passions are the only laws consulted—Where men are united only by those very interests which divide them—Where chance appears to decide the greatest events; where good success is seldom either the proof or the recompense of a good cause—Where ambition and rashness often exalt themselves to the first places, which true merit fears to occupy, or which are refused to true merit:—In a word, where we see no order, because we perceive only the irregularity of its movements, without comprehending their secret and their use. Such is the world, separated from Providence!

TRUTH.

TRUTH, that light from Heaven, is the only thing here below, worthy the care or the researches of Man. She only is the light of our mind, the rule of our heart, the source of every true pleasure, the foundation of our hopes, the consolation of our fears, the balm of our woes, the cure of all our sorrows. She alone is the source of a good conscience, the terror of a bad one; the secret penalty of vice, and the hidden reward of virtue. She alone immortalizes those who love her, renders the chains of those who suffer for her illustrious, attracts public honours to the ashes of her martyrs and defenders, and ennobles the lowliness and poverty of those who have resigned all to follow her. Lastly, she alone inspires magnanimous thoughts, forms heroic minds—minds of which the world is not deserving, and the only sages worthy of that name.

All our care ought then to be directed to know

her, all our talents to manifest her, all our zeal to defend her. In our fellow-creatures we ought to seek only Truth, nor ought we to allow them to please us, but through her. In a word, it ought to suffice, that Truth should shew herself to us, to be beloved by us, and that she should shew us to ourselves, in order to make us know ourselves.

FALSE VIRTUES.

THE world boasts that, in the midst of the depravity and decline of public morals, it has yet saved some remnants, some remains of honor and rectitude; that, in spite of the errors and passions which prevail, there are yet seen under its banners, men faithful to friendship, zealous for their country, scrupulous followers of truth, religious observers of their word, avengers of injustice, protectors of the feeble. In a word, those who, though votaries of pleasure, are, nevertheless, followers of virtue. These are the heroes of honour and probity whom the world delights to extol. But these virtuous men, from whom the world claims so much honor, too often owe their reputation only to a general error. Faithful friends, I grant it; but it is taste, vanity, or interest which binds them, and in their friends, they love only themselves. Good citizens, it is true; but the glory and the honours which are

the recompense of serving our country, are the sole bond, the only duty which attaches them to it. Lovers of truth, I acknowledge; but it is not Truth they seek, it is the credit and confidence amongst men which they can acquire only through her. Observers of their word; but they are so from pride,—which would hold it cowardice and weakness to break it,—not through virtue, which makes a religion of our promises. Avengers of injustice; but in punishing that of others, they wish to proclaim that they are themselves incapable of it. Protectors of the weak; but they wish to gain in them panegyrists of their generosity; and the eulogiums of the oppressed, is what touches their heart, more than all their sufferings or misery.

WANT OF FEELING TOWARDS THE POOR.

WE frequently accompany our acts of mercy towards the poor with too much harshness. While we stretch forth a hand to assist, we shew at the same time so harsh and severe a countenance, that a mere refusal would have been less wounding than so cold and repulsive a charity; for the pity, which is moved by their misfortunes, consoles them often as much as the liberality which relieves them. We reproach them with their strength, with their idleness, with their wandering and vagabond habits. We call them to account for their indigence and their misery; and, while we succour their distress, we seem as if we thought we had purchased a right to insult them. But if the unfortunate whose feelings you thus outrage, were allowed to answer you, if his abject condition had not put the bridle of shame and respect on his tongue, he would say to you, "With what do you reproach me? With my

idle life, my useless and wandering habits? But what are the concerns which occupy you in your opulence? The cares of ambition, the disquietudes of fortune, the restlessness of pleasure! I may be a useless servant; but are not you also a faithless servant? Ah! if the most guilty were the poorest, the most unfortunate here below, would your lot be above mine? You reproach me with powers which I do not employ, but what use do you make of your own? I have no right to eat because I do not work; but are you yourself free from this law? Are you rich only that you may live in worthless luxury? Ah! God will judge between you and me; and, before his awful tribunal it will be seen, whether your luxury and your prodigality were more allowable in you, than the artifices which I employ to obtain some relief from my sufferings."

Let us, at least, offer to the unfortunate, hearts sensible of their miseries. Let us soften at least by our humanity the yoke of poverty, which the mediocrity of our own fortune may not allow us entirely to relieve. Alas! At a play you bestow tears on the supposed adventures of fictitious characters. Their feigned sufferings are honoured by a real sympathy. You leave the theatre, your heart still affected by the

sorrows of a fabulous hero; and your fellow-creature meets you as you go out, covered with misery; fain would he stop you for one instant, and speak one word of the sufferings which overwhelm him, and he finds you cold and insensible to them. You turn away your eyes from a sight which Religion bids you contemplate. You do not even deign to hear him; you repulse him with rudeness; you wound still more his aching heart. Inhuman soul! Have you then left all your feeling at the theatre? Has the sight of a suffering fellow-creature nothing in it to excite or claim your pity?

ARNAUD.

BORN 1718.

FRANCIS THOMAS BACULARD D'ARNAUD, a pleasing and well-known writer, belonging to a noble family in the south of France, was born at Paris, 1718. Brought up at the College of the Jesuits, he early shewed a disposition for literature, and composed verses, with great facility, at the age of nine. In 1750, his comedy *Du Mauvais Riche* was acted on a private theatre; Voltaire was present at this performance; from thence arose an intimacy between Arnaud and Voltaire, who for a long time shewed him great kindness, and recommended him to the King of Prussia, with whom he corresponded from Paris. Frederic was so well pleased with Arnaud, that he invited him to Berlin, where, however, he did not remain long. After leaving the capital of Prussia, he went to Dresden, where he

for some time held the place of councillor to the legation. On his return to Paris, he lived in a select society, from which, however, he soon retired to give himself up wholly to literature: and it is to this solitude we owe most of his works. In 1793, Arnaud was arrested and brought before the revolutionary tribunal. He was accused of having concealed an emigrant in his house, which was then an unpardonable crime. However he was acquitted, a piece of good fortune which at that time fell to the lot of few, more especially of men of talents or distinction. When he was released from prison, having no other fortune than the product of his works, and the slender assistance given him by government, he fell almost into a state of indigence. Arnaud died in 1805, aged eighty-seven.—See *Biographie Universelle*.

ON A LEAF CARRIED BY THE WIND INTO A
CHURCH-YARD.

“ WITHERED, faded leaf, oh say,
Whither, oh whither dost thou stray? ”
“ The storm, alas! has rent the bower,
That sheltered me in happier hour.
Now o’er mountain and o’er dale,
Borne by every fickle gale;
Sometimes on plains and forests cast,
(Shattered by each rude, wintry blast;)
Yet humbly still to fate resigning,
Without lamenting or repining,
I seek that spot of calm repose,
Where rest alike the laurel and the rose.”

THE EXILE*.

FROM THE FRENCH.

(Author Unknown.)

FULL much of care and grief we find,
Where'er thro' life we roam;
Yet sorrow's dart most wounds the mind,
Far from our native home.

And if in dreams we see again
The country we deplore,
On waking we lament in vain,
'Tis not our native shore.

Tho' hope sometimes our heart may cheer
Upon a foreign strand,
Yet memory soon excites a tear,
'Tis for our native land.

* The original of these lines I read in French, in that elegant selection called *The Parting Gift*. They are there given as anonymous, and are styled *Le Captif*.

Tho' generous kindness may beguile,
And soothe the exile's pain;
His griefs he may forget awhile,
But not his native plain.

GRESSET.

BORN 1709.

JOHN BAPTIST LOUIS GRESSET, knight of the Order of St. Michael, and member of the French Academy, was born at Amiens, 1709. In his sixteenth year he entered the Order of the Jesuits, but left it ten years afterwards, in consequence of the reputation he had gained by his poem of 'Vert-Vert.' The voice of fame had now made him known at Paris, and he continued to support and to increase his reputation. In the year 1740, he was received into the French Academy. He resided at Amiens, where he had a place as director of finance, and where he married a lady of large fortune. Almost all his images were taken from the beauties of Nature, and he delighted in spending his days amongst them. Like Horace, he extols the pleasures of an

easy and retired life, passed in the unspoilt enjoyment of rural scenes. After the death of Louis the Fifteenth he came to Paris, and was chosen, in the name of the academy, to deliver a congratulatory address to Louis the Sixteenth, on his accession to the throne. The court and the town were anxious to see a man, who had so well depicted them in his writings; but the high opinion which had been entertained of him, was weakened by his performance on this occasion. The images he employed were forced, and the style affected. He returned to Amiens, where he died, June the 16th, 1777.

The stability of his principles, the integrity of his character, and the amiability of his manners, gained him the most distinguished friends, as well as the favour of royalty. Louis the Sixteenth raised him to the rank of nobility in the year 1775.—*See Real Encyclopädie.*

ON RETURNING HEALTH.

(Irregular.)*

SOUL of the universe and charm of our days,
Oh, cheerful Health! Oh gift most blest!
Come and revive my spirit with thy rays,
Restore the thread of life and give new zest.
Blind mortals oft thy favours lose
While frivolous delights they choose;
How short at best our youthful day,
And yet we lavish its bright gifts away!
And while false joys our youth engage,
We bring a premature old age.
All calls us to the fields: the spring again
Restores to life the verdant plain:
The spring returns, with winter o'er,
Oh let me too, revive once more!

* The Translator has always endeavoured in her verses to follow the metre of the original.

In this beloved and still retreat
Of wisdom and retirement sweet;
Oh, what delight, in these green bowers
To cull the Hawthorn's earliest flowers;
And listen to the earliest note
Poured from the Nightingale's soft throat.
Lo, now the barren wintry plain
In spring's fair flowers will be dressed;
My mind, too, may revive again,
By tedious illness long depressed;
And with the bright returning spring,
May soar upon the zephyr's wing.
The pleasure of existence now can raise,
My heart to heaven in grateful praise;
While I receive my life anew,
As from a chaos all things charm my view.
New pleasures all my soul inspire;
Fresh interests my spirits fire;
To me the world seems young again;
More fresh the woods, more green the plain.
The Providence, whose goodness lends
Returning vigour to our frame,
With health restored new pleasures blends,
Our grateful feelings to inflame.

I feel each beauty of the scene,
The budding trees, the meadows green;
And think that soon within these bowers,
We may beguile the summer hours.
Oh, of fresh health returning days,
Days of unmixed delight,
When heaven sheds forth its brightest rays,
From out the darkest night;
When to the world we wake anew,
Former enjoyments yield us pleasures new.
Lo, now unto our eager sight,
The simplest objects give delight:
Far brighter seems the morning's ray,
And lovelier the rising day;
To each the charms of spring belong:
Still sweeter sounds the linnet's song:
More fresh appears the violets blue:
The forest has a greener hue.
All things by too long habit tire,
No more amusement they inspire,
'Mid bustling joys, the wearied mind,
Can no diversion in them find.
By the same pleasures, by their number worn,
The cheerless mind sees them almost with scorn,
Till idleness the soul o'erpowers;
And so we waste the useless hours.

But now we view with joyous eyes
 What once we had forgot to prize;
 A thousand objects can delight dispense,
 Which once were viewed with cold indifference:
 A thousand blessings are become our own,
 Unto the passing crowd, unseen, unknown*.

From L'Epitre à ma Sœur.

* There is a note by Mr. Mason, placed after Gray's Ode On the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude, which is as follows:—

“ I have heard Mr. Gray say, that Monsieur Gresset's ‘ Epitre à ma Sœur ’ gave him the first idea of this Ode; and whoever compares it with the French Poem, will find some slight traits of resemblance, but chiefly in our Author's seventh stanza :—

‘ See the wretch, that long has tost
 On the thorny bed of pain,
 At length repair his vigour lost,
 And breathe and walk again.
 The meanest floweret of the vale,
 The simplest note that swells the gale,
 The common sun, the air, the skies,
 To him are opening Paradise.’

Gray.

“ In one of his letters to Dr. Wharton, Gray thus expresses himself:—

“ ‘ I am glad you have had any pleasure in Gresset. He seems to me a truly elegant and charming writer.’ ”

SECOND TRANSLATION OF PART OF THE SAME
POEM.

RETURN, blest Health! My spirits calm,
All cheerful and serene;
Soul of the world, our life's best charm,
Come glad the passing scene.
Too oft thy favours we disdain,
For passing pleasures light and vain;
Squand'ring away our life's best prime,
We bring Old Age before its time.

Thy rural temple let me find,
Far off from worldly care;
And there with renovated mind,
My wasted powers repair:
Now all the joys of spring invite,
The fields afford us fresh delight;
Now verdure decks the blooming plain,
Oh, let me, too, revive again.

Oh, what delight, in this still vale,
To cull the earliest flowers ;
Or listen to the nightingale,
Within these verdant bowers :
Oh, let my soul expand again,
Amid the beauties of the plain :
Illness did long my life consume ;
Now let me feel the summer's bloom.

The night has fled—returning day
Shines with the light of spring ;
The morn sheds forth a brighter ray ;
The birds more sweetly sing :
The forests have a greener hue ;
The violets a deeper blue ;
In ev'ry object I can find
New joys to my reviving mind.

All pleasures to my soul seem new,
And more delight inspire ;
All interests my heart anew,
And wakes poetic fire.
That Providence who bids us live,
Does with fresh life, fresh vigour give,
And in His goodness does impart
New sense of pleasure to the heart.

LINES FROM THE POEM OF LES OMBRES.

(A Free Translation.)

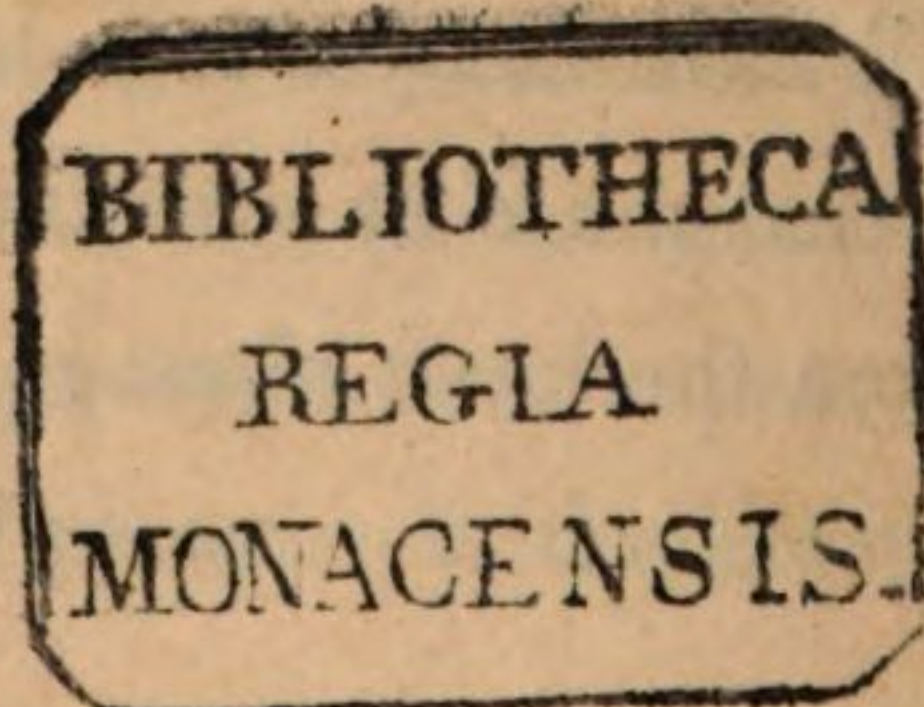
ADIEU, at last, my friends, adieu,
Too long my muse has troubled you;
And now I place within your power,
The solace of my leisure hour,
In which, perhaps, a moral strain
May for all faults indulgence gain.
All school exactness I resign,
To others who profess to rhyme;
My little efforts do not claim
The honour of an author's name:
Framed but to pass an idle hour,
Such is, if any, all their power:
Do not this humble work despise,
It should be read by Friendship's eyes;
To such, my wandering, various lay,
Might still have many things to say;
How can that muse be ever tired,
Which from the heart alone is fired.

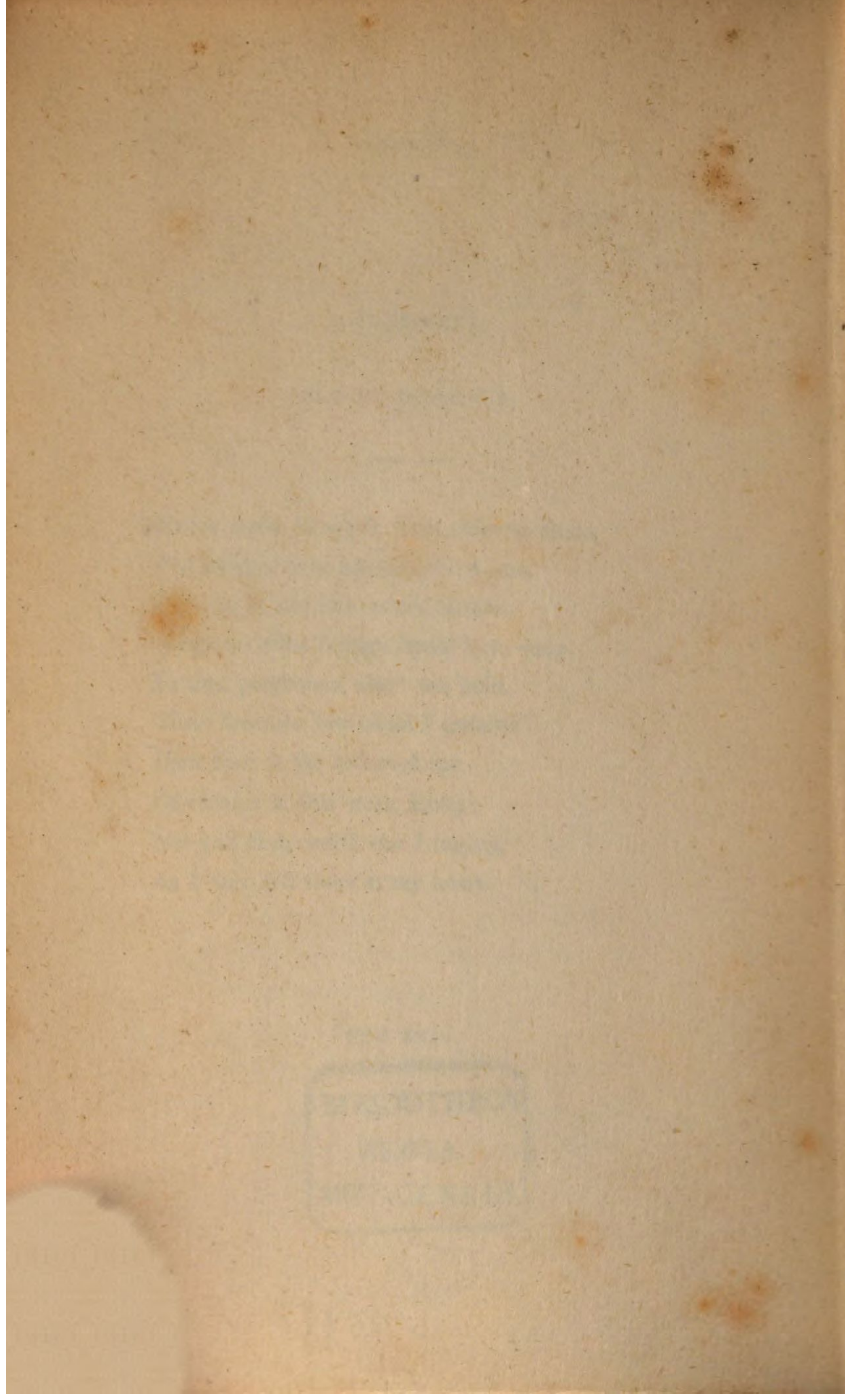
A FAREWELL.

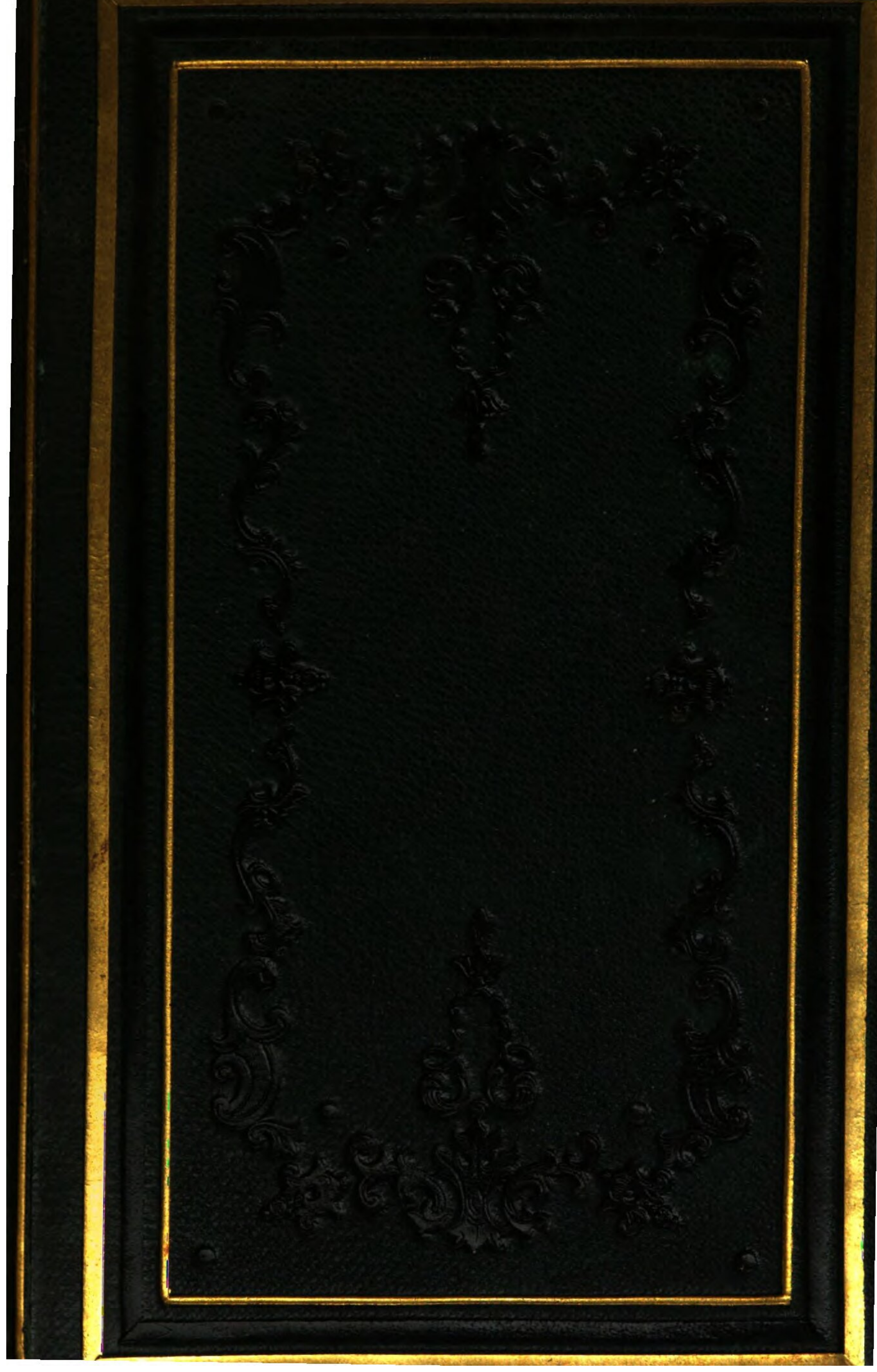
FROM THE TRANSLATOR.

FROM north to south, from clime to clime,
I've tried to tune my humble rhyme,
Striving in our own native tongue,
T'express what foreign bards have sung.
In this, perchance, alas! too bold,
Their beauties how could I unfold?
How faint is the reflected ray
Of Genius in this weak Essay:
Not half their worth can I impart,
As I have felt them at my heart.

THE END.







Broc, ... de

Translations and Sketches of Biography, from the German, Italian, Spanish,
Portuguese and French Languages

London 1839

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